

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

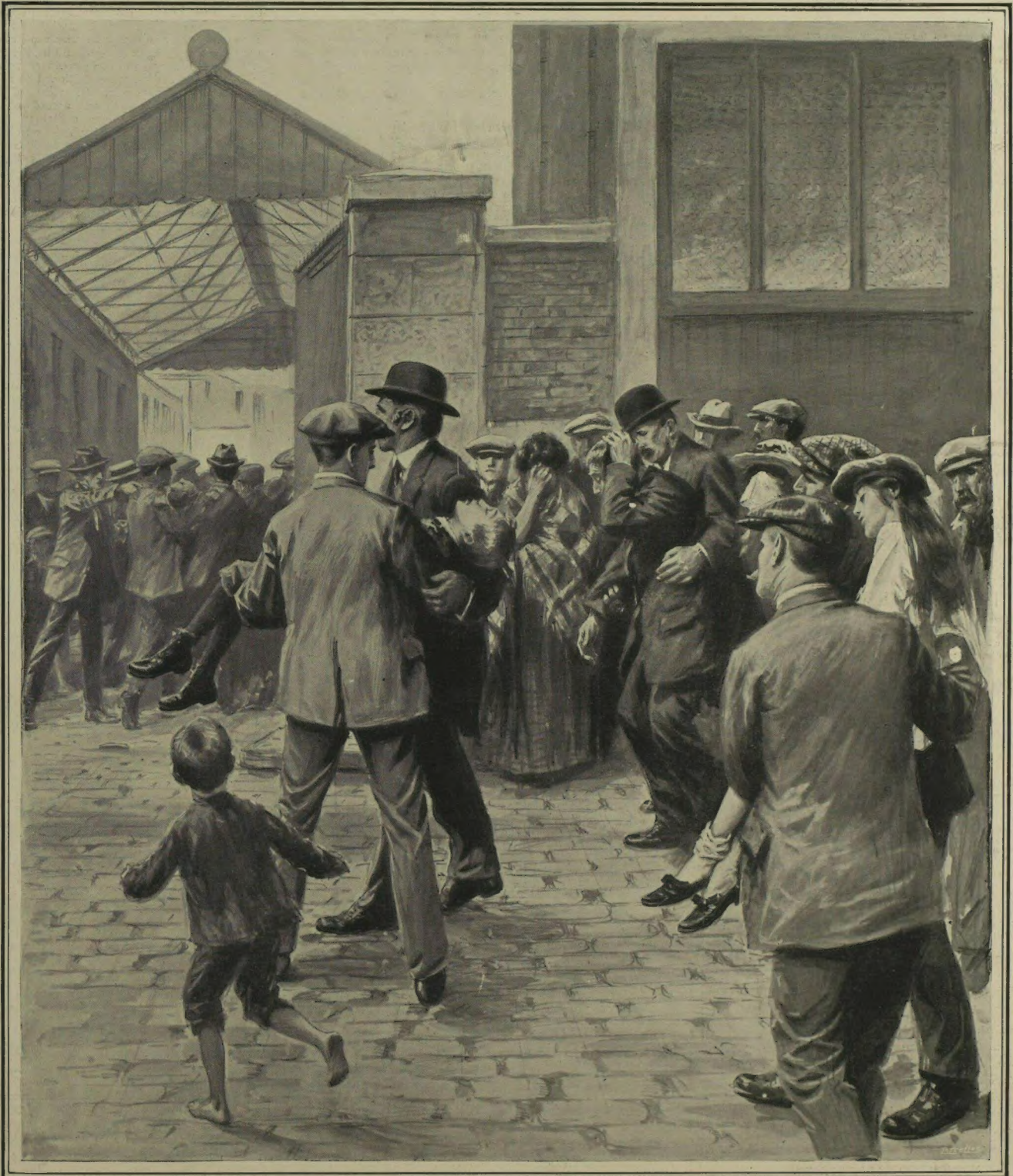
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AFTER MEN OF THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS HAD FIRED ON THE HOSTILE CROWD IN DUBLIN :
WOUNDED AT THE "URGENT ACCIDENT" ENTRANCE OF THE JERVIS STREET HOSPITAL.

Mr. Birrell announced in the House of Commons that the shooting in Dublin caused casualties amounting to three killed and thirty-two injured, although the officers succeeded in stopping immediately the firing of the soldiers, who, he said, acted without orders, being exasperated. The artist who sent us the sketch from which

this drawing was made, says : "The man being carried through the hospital-entrance is wounded. The boy is wounded in the head. The man being helped along is wounded in the head, has his eyes shut, and is mumbling prayers. The girl is wounded in the leg."

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY GORDON W. BREWSTER.

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MUSIC.

THE revival of "Falstaff" at Covent Garden and the production of "Francesca da Rimini" have helped the early performances of "Parsifal" and the "Ring" to lend distinction to the season. It is to be regretted that neither Zandonai's work nor "Falstaff" was put on earlier in the summer: doubtless there was good and sufficient justification for the dates chosen. In the conduct of an opera season all manner of contingencies arise of which the general public never hears. Certainly the "Falstaff" revival was worth waiting for; it left some of us wondering why twenty years should have been allowed to elapse since the work was presented to the patrons of Covent Garden. There are two sides to the attraction. The book, skilfully founded upon parts of Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," by Boito, presents an essentially English comedy in Italian guise without any marked sacrifice of humour, though humour is seldom at its best in the essentially tragic atmosphere of the London operatic stage. Perhaps Pistol and Bardolph suffer most in the transition: they lose their stature. Everything is sacrificed to the "gross fat man," but he justifies the sacrifice. Scotti's Falstaff is a masterpiece, the ripe work of an artistic temperament reinforced by close study and observation. If one had forgotten Maurel, it would seem almost impossible that an Italian should render the part of Falstaff in fashion at once so vivid and so subtle.

The other, and of course the chief, attraction of the opera is the music, written with undiminished vitality when Verdi was approaching his eightieth year, and had mastered the whole art of writing music for the stage. He deliberately chose in this case the most difficult forms of writing, and handled them as though they were the very essence of simplicity. The concerted numbers move with an ease and grace that must be heard to be appreciated; there is abundance of melody, though little of it is detachable from the opera; and the characterisation is amazing in its wealth and variety. The whole score is a feast of good things; and in all seriousness it may be said that there is not in the library of operatic scores, old and new, anything but Mozart's works that can compare favourably with "Falstaff." Even Mozart, for all his matchless mastery of the operatic form, was hampered by the traditions of his time, by the recitatives that sound thin and even trivial, and by the practice of closing every episode with tonic chords that give a false finality where there is no occasion or justification for it. Signor Polacco, who conducted, is a great interpreter of Verdi, and has made a special study of "Falstaff," and the results of his work deserved all the applause he received. It is to be hoped, and believed, that "Falstaff," after long and undeserved neglect, will now take an acknowledged place on the list of Verdi's operas produced at Covent Garden. It should not prove difficult to find one or two that might be set aside to find room for this masterpiece of a great composer. If the loud applause that accompanied the revival has any significance, the audience was expressing future hopes as well as present pleasure.

Drury Lane, successful to the end, closed its doors on Saturday night; the long-drawn-out concert season has also found its end; so that music is limited for the moment to Mr. Charles Manners' plucky and well-managed experiment at the Prince of Wales's Theatre—a venture that can be cordially commended to those who remain in town.

Those who keep count of these things say there have been nearly a thousand concerts in the chief concert-halls of the Metropolis since the beginning of 1914! All the great singers and players and all the leading orchestras have been busy; and if the results have not been gratifying to the majority, it is because the attractions of the open-air life are always potent on fine days, and the weather has been very favourable to them. Controversy, part of the breath of musical life, has been stirred; we have heard the strangest sounds that ever came to human ears in the guise of music; while at the same time there are few acknowledged masterpieces that have failed to find performance.

For the public that is not concerned with the business side of artistic ventures, and requires to be thrilled, delighted, amused, or shocked, there has been a constant succession of interesting concerts—indeed, in point of interest, the spring and summer seasons of 1914 yield to none of their predecessors. The holiday now to be enjoyed by the great majority of those who make music and those who listen to it has been well earned.

"A WORKING MAN." AT THE CRITERION.

SHOULD a man blab? Should he give away to a friend the woman who once made him a present of her love? Should he betray her secret to save this other man from disillusionment? These represent one set of questions Mr. Frederick Fenn asks in his new play, "A Working Man," which was produced last week at a Criterion matinee on behalf of the widow and children of the late Mr. W. T. Powell, a much-liked journalist. The other problem raised can also be put into an interrogative form: Should a man allow a woman to stand in the way of his career? Should he sacrifice her when she seems likely to cripple his future? Mr. Fenn's answers to the two groups of queries are virtually "No" in the one case, and "Yes" in the other; and so his hero may strike the kindly playgoer as hard and ruthless. Robert Orde, just on the point of marrying happily, comes across an old flame with whom he has had a liaison, and learns that she has captured the affections of a young business colleague in whom he is interested. He decides he must try to stop the affair by revealing the lady's "past," but discovers that his pains are wasted, in so far as the pair are already married. His friend, however, eventually takes his interference in good part, quits his wife to transact abroad important business for his firm, and comes home to find himself in the way of freedom. Mr. Eille Norwood, Miss Margaret Halstan, and Mr. J. V. Bryant did their best in the leading parts to win sympathy for a play which in its tone flouts average sentiment; and Miss Nancy Price was also in the cast.

PARLIAMENT.

HIGH and exciting matters have continued to thrill the House of Commons in this most sensational session. A section of Radicals were greatly disturbed by the address delivered by the King to the Conference at Buckingham Palace on the Ulster question, and especially by a reference to civil war; but the Prime Minister took full responsibility for the speech, which had been sent to him in advance, in the ordinary way; and, in reply to a precise question, he explained that the passage to which objection was taken was intended only to convey that apprehensions of civil strife had been widely entertained and expressed by responsible and sober-minded persons—"Among whom," he frankly and bravely added, "I may, perhaps, include myself." The Prime Minister informed the House of Commons on Friday that the Conference had considered the possibility of defining an area to be excluded from the operation of the Home Rule Bill, but had brought its meetings to a conclusion without being able to agree. It was then arranged to take the Amending Bill on Tuesday, but other events intervened. A crowded House, including a considerable number of distinguished Peers, listened with varied emotions on Monday to statements by the Foreign Secretary on the danger of war in Europe, and by the Irish Secretary on the sanguinary conflict between a mob in Dublin and soldiers who had been requisitioned to assist in disarming National Volunteers. In view of the European situation, the House with one accord, on the suggestion of the Unionist leaders, abstained from criticism of naval policy on the Admiralty Vote, which had been set down for consideration; but the Irish trouble excited strong partisan feeling, and there were animated scenes during the debate in which Mr. Redmond called attention to it on an urgency motion for the adjournment of the House. Unionists assented by their cheers when he demanded impartiality of administration as between Ulster and National Volunteers, and laughed and applauded ironically when he complained of the impotence of the Executive in Ireland. The Prime Minister, who expressed confidence in the soldiers, complained that the difficulty of governing a people whom we did not understand had been immeasurably enhanced by the language and attitude of occupants of the Unionist Front Bench; but Mr. Balfour retorted by asserting that the Government had allowed the whole system of law and order in Ireland to crumble to pieces. A decision on Mr. Redmond's motion was prevented by himself and his friends in opposing the closure, but for the first time in the present Parliament his criticism to some extent embarrassed the relations between his Party and the Government, although, to suit their convenience, the Amending Bill was postponed.

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WHEN THE EXASPERATED SOLDIERS FIRED ON THE CROWD IN DUBLIN.

DRAWN BY A. C. MICHAEL FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES A. MILLS.



THE TRAGIC SEQUEL TO GUN-RUNNING BY IRISH NATIONAL VOLUNTEERS: A HOSTILE CROWD IN DUBLIN FIRED UPON, WITHOUT ORDERS, BY MEN OF THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.

Mr. Birrell's official statement as to the firing on the crowd in Dublin, which was a sequel to the gun-running by Irish National Volunteers at Howth, had it that, after the attempt to disarm the Volunteers had been made, there was a struggle, but the soldiers did not fire: "The soldiers then returned to their barracks, and an attack was made on them with missiles by an angry crowd, principally in Bachelors' Walk, between O'Connell Bridge and the Metal Bridge. Major Haig, King's Own Scottish Borderers, took over command in Talbot Street, and was himself struck five times with missiles-

Major Haig, in front of the column, expostulated with the mob who were impeding the soldiers. As he was speaking, several soldiers in rear of the column, becoming exasperated, fired without orders. Thirty-one rounds in all were fired almost simultaneously. The officers succeeded in stopping the firing immediately, but casualties amounting to three killed and thirty-two injured had already occurred. A considerable number of the soldiers had by this time received severe injuries." Needless to say, the affair has caused much bitter discussion, the end of which is not yet.

“THIRTY-ONE ROUNDS IN ALL WERE FIRED”: THE “EXASPERATED” SOLDIERS’ ACTION IN DUBLIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRESS AGENCY, DUBLIN; CASHMAN, DUBLIN; SPORT AND GENERAL, AND LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.



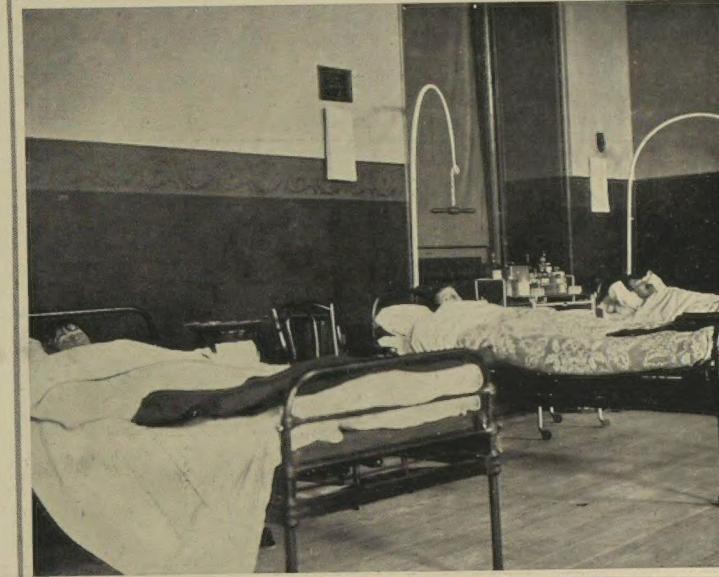
NEAR THE SPOT AT WHICH TWO OF THE ANGRY CROWD WERE SHOT: CROSSES AND THE LETTERS “R.I.P.” CHALKED ON A WALL AT THE CORNER OF LIFFEY STREET, BY BACHELORS’ WALK.



WHERE THE FIRING WITHOUT ORDERS TOOK PLACE: OPPOSITE THE METAL BRIDGE.



THE SCENE OF THE UNFORTUNATE ENCOUNTER: BACHELORS’ WALK, BY THE LIFFEY, DUBLIN.



IN JERVIS STREET HOSPITAL AFTER THE UNFORTUNATE SHOOTING: SOME OF THOSE WOUNDED BY THE FIRING OF THE SOLDIERS IN BACHELORS’ WALK.



ONE OF THOSE INJURED BY THE SOLDIERS’ FIRE: A MAN WOUNDED IN BACHELORS’ WALK.



THE GUN-RUNNING: A SIGNALLER ORDERING THE LANDING OF THE WEAPONS AT HOWTH.



INTERVIEWING MEN OF THE KING’S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS AND MEMBERS OF THE CROWD: COLONEL MOORE, OF THE IRISH NATIONAL VOLUNTEERS (IN BOWLER).



THE RESULT OF THE UNORDERED FIRING UPON THE CROWD BY MEN OF THE KING’S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS IN DUBLIN: WOUNDED IN JERVIS STREET HOSPITAL.



WOUNDED DURING THE FIRING IN BACHELORS’ WALK: A SCHOOLBOY IN HOSPITAL.

Those men of the King’s Own Scottish Borderers who, aided by Dublin Metropolitan Police, intercepted Irish National Volunteers after the gun-running at Howth were received on their re-entry into Dublin in a very hostile manner. As they marched through the streets, they were groaned at and stoned, especially along Bachelors’ Walk. At the Metal Bridge, the stoning was so heavy that, according to Mr. Birrell’s statement in the House of Commons, certain of the soldiers became so exasperated that they fired on the crowd without orders. From the official statement we quote the following: “The soldiers then returned to their barracks, and an attack was made on them with missiles by an angry crowd, principally in

Bachelors’ Walk between O’Connell Bridge and the Metal Bridge. Major Haig, King’s Own Scottish Borderers, took over command in Talbot Street, and was himself struck five times with missiles. Major Haig, in front of the column, expostulated with the mob who were impeding the soldiers. As he was speaking, several soldiers in rear of the column, becoming exasperated, fired without orders. Thirty-one rounds in all were fired almost simultaneously. The officers succeeded in stopping the firing immediately, but casualties amounting to three killed and thirty-two injured had already occurred. A considerable number of the soldiers had by this time received severe injuries.”



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT seems singular that nobody (so far as I know), except Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes in the *New Witness*, has noted a quality in the Caillaux case which is quite apart from its criminality or innocence, and does not pre-judge the result, which I shall have no opportunity of knowing until after this article has appeared in print. The best test of honesty is whether we obey laws in a land where they cannot be enforced. I have always thought the rule against prejudicing an impartial tribunal was a fair rule; and it would be despicable to observe it in one's own country and despise it in another. When all is said, there is an English policeman at the corner of my road. There is no French policeman at the corner of my road. If this leads me, directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously, to do less than justice to the French policeman, or more than justice to the English policeman, then it is (I regret to say) quite unquestionable that I am a coward and a hypocrite. It is not normally likely that I shall suffer for better or worse by any foreign punishment. I have the chief privilege of the English man: I am born to be hanged. And he who is born to be hanged will never be guillotined. Nor will he be electrocuted. And so, though I do not suppose I could commit contempt of court in France, I would prefer to keep respect of court everywhere; even in the case of courts before which I could hardly be called. Even lawyers—nay, even judges—have a right to fair play. I will wait to hear whom they condemn; and then I will condemn them.

But the very interesting point raised by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes has nothing to do with the legal issue of the legal prosecution. She points out that, whoever may be right in the quarrel, there never would have been any quarrel but for the vast license of divorce allowed in France since M. Naquet's law was passed. Now, this is really one of the great realities of the modern world. Whatever be the cause, whatever be the complexities, it is quite certain that the two highly cultivated democracies which have allowed a large divorce are now rather wishing they hadn't. You will not find this in the daily papers. You will not find anything in the daily papers except things that happened a hundred years ago—and things that didn't happen the day before yesterday. The paradox of our public Press has reached such a point that a weekly paper is generally ahead of a daily paper; and a monthly paper more on the spot than either. It is no part of the business of our average daily Press to tell us what real Frenchmen or real Americans are really talking about. But if they did report the recent and real things, if they put down word for word what was said in a Paris café or a Californian saloon, it is quite on the cards

that the speakers would be considering what Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes was considering: the looseness and the landslide of divorce.

That is the fresh and arresting fact, both in France and America. In both countries all kinds of people are now talking about divorce as if it were a calamity coming upon their country from the outside; like cholera or military invasion. It has become impersonal, like what we call a problem. New York *divorcés* talk about divorce, just as London drinkers talk about drink. They talk of it as a public plague, quite apart from the question of whether it is a private sin. Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, who is for many reasons a sane judge as between the old French Republicans and the new French Nationalists, says

must be a firm framework for human life. Even if man be an actor that mouths and rants his hour upon the stage, he cannot be safe for an hour if the stage gives way under him. And the stage on which the white man has hitherto played his part, poorly enough, but sometimes nobly, is a sort of small theatre, called a *house*. And his essential furniture is his family. If you break and mend, and break again that furniture, you will find what you would find with an arm or a leg—that it has been broken once too often. The limb is lopped off; and the man is not alive. If you pull that framework to pieces, and try to patch and repatch it, you will find at last that it is past repair. You will discover what will be to you, as it is to me, an exceedingly annoying

fact: that the years of a man's life are three-score and ten. You will be content with one companion for so brief and thrilling an adventure. You will not go in for that speculative polygamy which is far more profligate than practical polygamy. You will not even go in for bigamy. For bigamy is Dual Personality; and that way madness lies.

Above all, if you have ever read a paper, let alone met a person, you will know that an indescribable atmosphere, which is in the Caillaux and Calmette affair, as it was in the Thaw and White affair, does arise from a fluctuation in the family. Why it should lead to sins of a heavier and more sanguinary kind I cannot conceive. But it does. I remember some lines of mediæval English which I heard so long ago that I cannot remember whether I read them, or made them up, or half-remembered them, or altered them by memory. But if

I made them up I am a better poet than I think I am. They are Guinevere's words to Lancelot in the last of the tragedy—

For well you wot that of this life
There comes but lewd and bitter strife,
And death of men, and great travail.

That, at least, I think we may say to Mme. Caillaux, as we might say it to Mrs. Thaw. It is in accordance with a very ancient view; and if we spoke of Helen or Cleopatra, of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, of Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea, we should be justly charged with straying into the realms of mythology. But the more a modern European man thinks of the question, apart from his Pagan passions or his Puritan fads, the more he will come to the conclusion that one home is as much as one man or woman can manage; and that being married again is like being put into breeches again. There are many possible pairs of trousers, of vivid colours and varied design. But they will not give you the ancient pleasure.

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WAR SCARE IN BERLIN: A RUN ON A SAVINGS BANK AT NINE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

The announcement that diplomatic relations between Austria-Hungary and Serbia had been broken off caused, as we have noted elsewhere, a number of demonstrations in Berlin; also it brought about something of a panic on the Bourse, not only in Berlin, but, for example, in St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Hungary, to say nothing of causing gloom and "slumps" on our own Stock Exchange. In Berlin, further, there have taken place several big runs on municipal and suburban savings banks, hundreds of depositors collecting in the streets and stampeding as soon as the doors were open. At one bank alone some 1500 depositors had presented themselves by eleven in the morning. The banks have stood the test well.

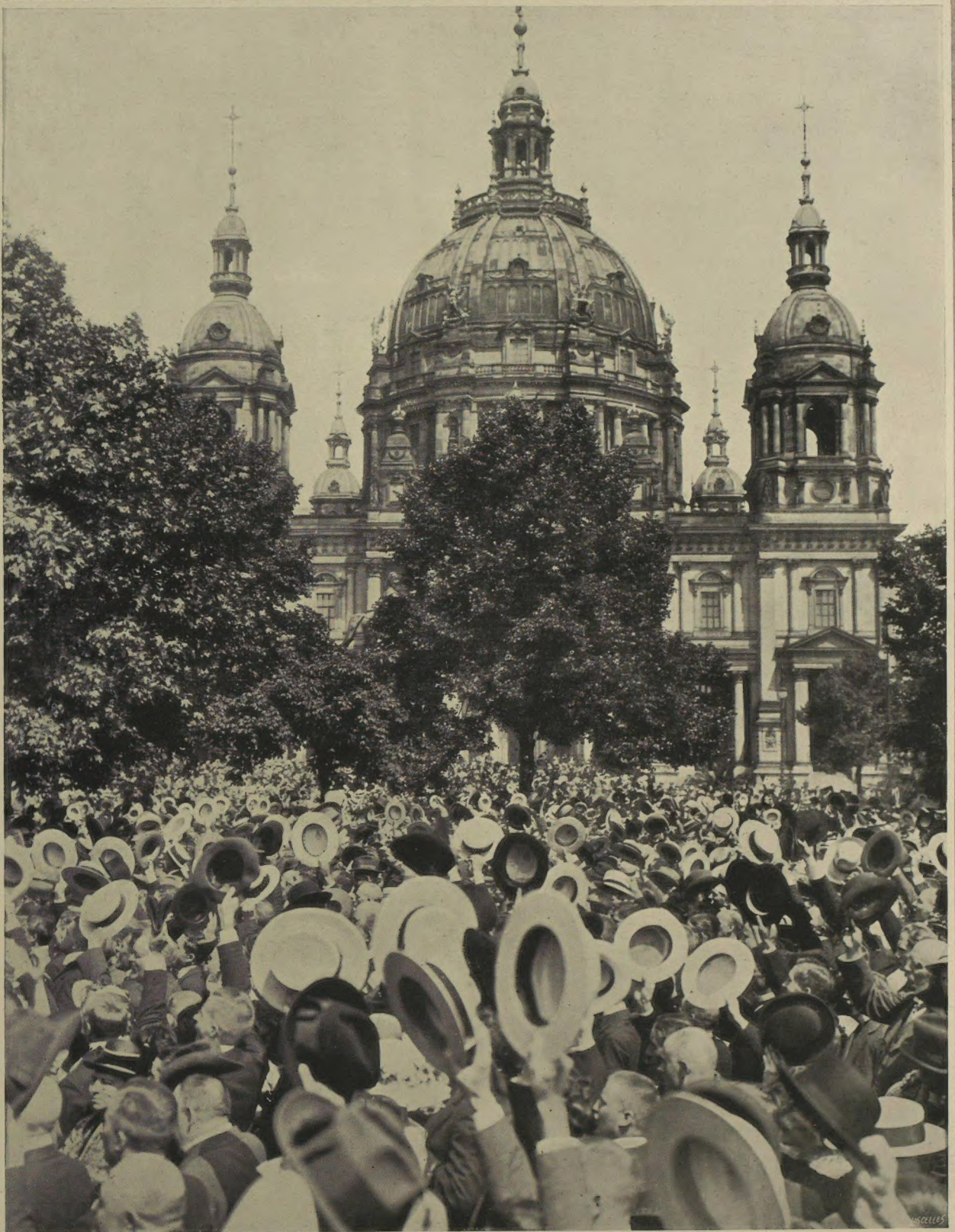
Photograph by Topical.

seriously that nobody of an older generation, "however Voltairian," does not regret the flux of fickleness into which, through the new divorce laws, the French family life has fallen. And though I could not test the French case at all thoroughly, I can say that this confirms what I have heard from all my American friends, and read in numberless American books and magazines, about the dangers of divorce in America. But we in England are what is called a backward nation. And the most backward thing we are doing is to attempt to extend to the poor the divorce which has already driven the two most advanced nations to despair.

The disadvantage of that sort of divorce is that it introduces into daily life a perpetual element of disturbance (or a doubt of disturbance) which human nature was not made to endure. It is as if the door-knocker knocked and ran away, taking the door with it. It is as if the staircase started sliding down the banisters. There

CHEERS FOR FATHERLAND AND ALLY: "WAR" FEVER IN BERLIN.

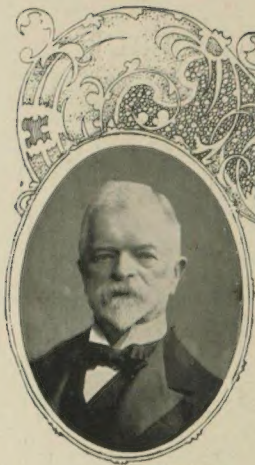
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAEMAR, BERLIN.



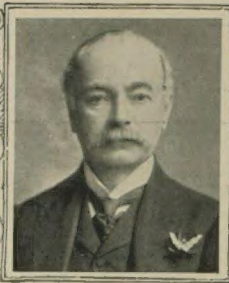
AFTER DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS BETWEEN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND SERBIA HAD BEEN BROKEN OFF: A CROWD CHEERING THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA IN THE LUSTGARTEN—IN THE BACKGROUND, THE DOM.

When the war cloud first appeared there were numerous demonstrations in the streets of Berlin, the general public there taking, of course, the keenest interest in the strained relations between Austria-Hungary, Germany's ally, and Serbia. As the time for the expiry of the time-limit drew near, many gathered before the newspaper offices, and when the rupture of negotiations became known, a great crowd went to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy, waved hats and sticks, sang the Austrian National Anthem and German patriotic songs, and cried "Long Live the War," "Down with Serbia!"

and, occasionally, "Down with Russia!" There were "demonstrations" also before the Russian Embassy and the French Embassy, but these were not of much account. This was on the Saturday evening. On Sunday demonstrations were frequent. On that day, the Foreign Office in Berlin explained that it "felt" that England was "putting a restraining pressure" upon Russia: this accounts, doubtless, for the fact that cries of "Hoch, England!" (that is, "Hurrah, England!") were heard at intervals as the demonstrators passed in front of the British Embassy.



Photo, Lafayette.
SIR JAMES DOUGHERTY,
Under-Secretary for Ireland.



Photo, Russell.
SIR JEREMIAH COLMAN,
Who has Purchased Reigate Hill
for the Public.



Photo, Colvett.
MR. GARDINER SINCLAIR,
Who has Bought the "Pall Mall
Gazette" and "Observer."

formerly connected with Messrs. Allsopp, and is now in control of Messrs. Dobson,

Molle, and Co., the well-known printers and publishers.



Photo, Barratt.
COUNCILLOR SHERLOCK,
Lord Mayor of Dublin.

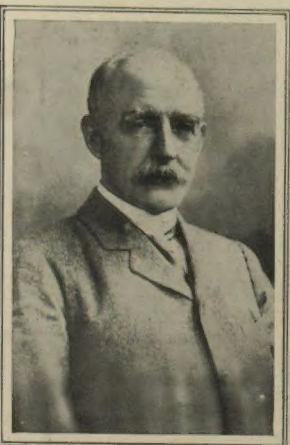
Ireland and Deputy-Keeper of the Privy Seal.

Reigate Hill, a famous Surrey beauty-spot, commanding beautiful and extensive views of the South Downs, has been acquired by Sir Jeremiah Colman from Lord Monson for the purpose of dedicating it to the public in commemoration of the jubilee of the inauguration of Reigate Corporation in 1863. Sir Jeremiah, who was created a baronet in 1907, was High Sheriff of the County of Surrey, 1893, and is one of his Majesty's Lieutenants for the City of London. He is the Chairman of Messrs. J. and J. Colman, Ltd. In 1904 he built and presented the Colman Institute, Redhill.

Mr. Richard Hazleton, who has been returned unopposed as the Parliamentary representative for North Galway, is the senior partner in a well-known Dublin drapery firm. He contested South Dublin in 1906, but was unsuccessful; but in 1910 he was returned as M.P. for North Galway. The next year he was elected M.P. for North Louth, but was unseated on petition. He toured the United States, on behalf of Home Rule, 1906-7.

The King's Prize at Bisley was won by Sergeant J. L. Dewar, of the 4th Battalion of the Royal Scots, after an exciting tie with Private A. G. Fulton, of the Queen's Westminsters, a former winner and the favourite for the contest. The winner is thirty-seven years of age, and is a commercial traveller.

Sir John Ross of Bladensburg, K.C.B., who has offered to resign the Chief Commissionership of the Dublin Police in connection with the affray on Sunday (26th), has held the position since 1901. He was born in Ireland in 1848, and entered the Royal Artillery from Woolwich in 1868, afterwards transferring to the Coldstream Guards. He was on a mission to Turkey when he was recalled to take up the post of Military Secretary to Mr. W. E. Forster, Chief Secretary of Ireland. After the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish in Phoenix Park, Sir John Ross was the bearer of Lord Spencer's despatch to Queen



Photo, Lums, Burren.
SIR JOHN ROSS,
The Chief Commissioner of the Dublin
Police, who has Offered to Resign.

The late Lord Belper was a familiar figure in Derby, where his connection with the Midland Railway Company and the banking house of Messrs. Crompton



Photo, Lafayette.
MR. RICHARD HAZLETON,
New M.P. for North Galway,
returned unopposed.



Photo, Young and Watson.
MR. GEORGE SMITH,
The New Headmaster of Dulwich College.

Leicestershire, and Nottingham, and Chairman of Nottinghamshire Quarter Sessions and of the County Councils



Photo, Harris.
MR. DARRELL FIGGIS,
Leader of the Dublin Gun-
Runners.

to gain possession of the rifles on the march back to Dublin. He is an author by profession.

The late Major Loder was the eighth son of Sir Robert Loder, Bt., and brother of the present holder of the title, Sir Edmund Giles Loder. Educated at Eton and Trinity College, he was for fifteen years in the 12th Lancers; but it was in connection with the Turf that he was best known. Two horses with which his name will always be chiefly associated are Pretty Polly and Spearmint. The former won the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, St. Leger, Coronation Cup twice, and the Jockey Club Cup. Spearmint won the Derby and Grand Prix.

Mr. E. P. O'Kelly, the Nationalist M.P. for West Wicklow, was taken ill at the House of Commons after attending a meeting of the Irish Party, and died in a nursing home two days later. He was a merchant and land agent, and Chairman of the Wicklow County Council.

Mr. W. V. Harrell, C.B., the Assistant Commissioner of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, who has been suspended has held the appointment



Photo, Tophal.
WINNER OF THE KING'S PRIZE AT BISLEY: SERGEANT
DEWAR (ON THE RIGHT) BEING CONGRATULATED BY
PRIVATE FULTON, WHOM HE DEFEATED AFTER AN
EXCITING TIE.



Photo, Lafayette.
THE LATE LORD BELPER,
Railway Director and Banker.

Victoria informing her Majesty of the sad occurrence.



Photo, Lafayette.
THE LATE MAJOR LODER,
A Noted Sportsman.

Association. He was Captain of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms for many years, an Aide-de-Camp to the King, and at one time commanded the South Notts Yeomanry.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Observer* have been sold to Mr. Gardiner Sinclair, who is well known in political and business circles. He was



Photo, Vandyk.
THE LATE MR. E. P. O'KELLY,
Nationalist M.P. for Wicklow.

ments since 1902.

He was born in 1866, and was educated at

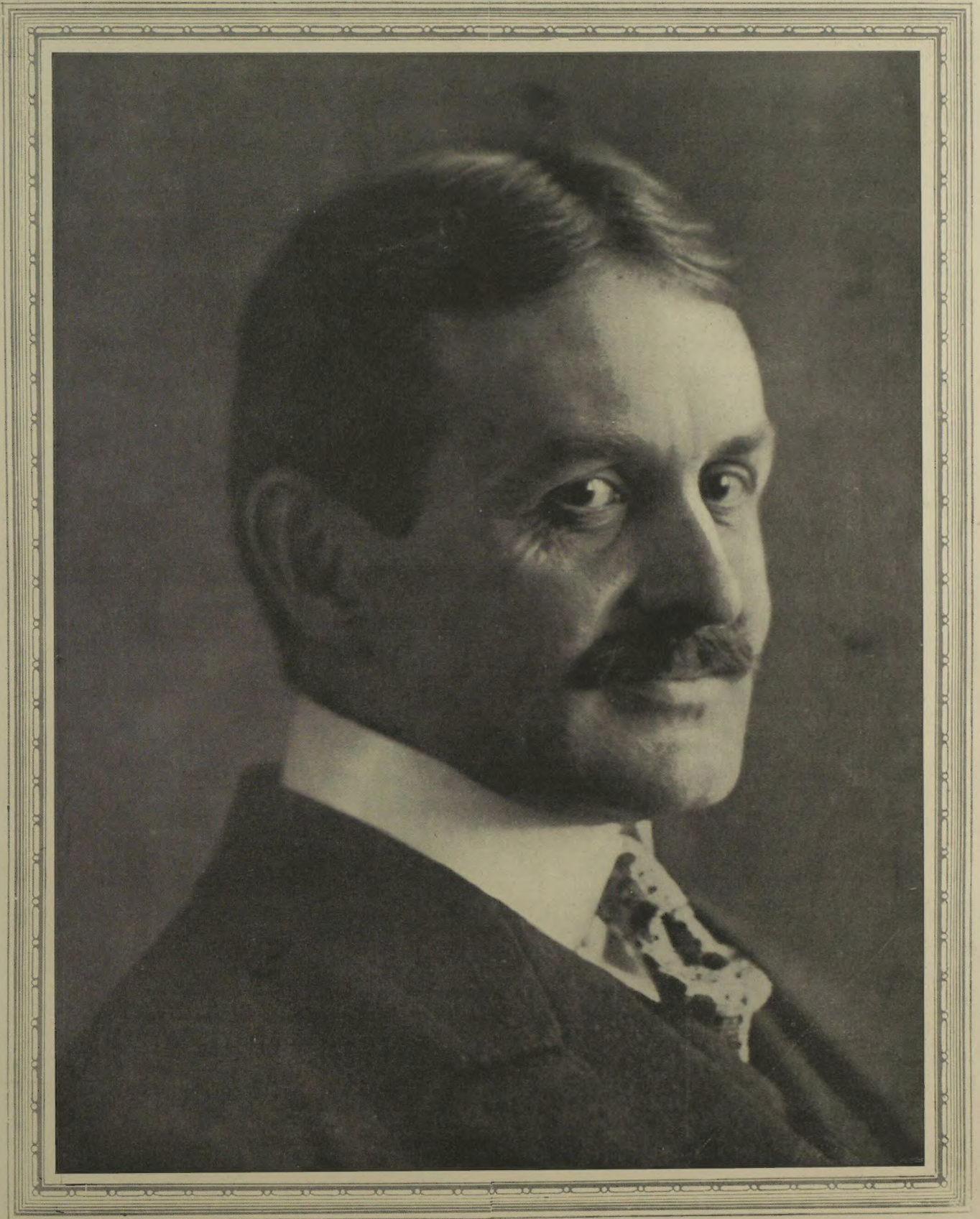
Armagh and Trinity College, Dublin. He was originally in the Royal Irish Constabulary, and served in that force as a District Inspector from 1886-98.



Photo, Lafayette.
MR. W. V. HARRELL,
Assistant-Commissioner of Dublin Police,
who has been Suspended.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Literary Supplement for August.



A GALLERY OF GREAT WRITERS: No. V.—MR. ROBERT SMYTHE HICHENS.

Mr. Hichens, the well-known novelist, was born in Kent in 1864 and was educated at Tunbridge Wells and Chilton. After leaving Chilton College, he determined to become a musician, and to this end he studied at Bristol and at the Royal College of Music for some years, during which time he wrote and published some lyrics for music, some recitations, and short stories. After this he abandoned music for literature, which he studied for a year at the London School of Journalism. He has written for various

newspapers. His first book, "The Coastguard's Secret," was written at the age of seventeen. This was followed by "The Green Carnation," by which he made his first reputation. Amongst his later books, perhaps the better-known ones are "The Garden of Allah," "The Call of the Blood," "Barbary Sheep," "Bella Donna," and "The Fruitful Vine," the latest one being "The Way of Ambition." Mr. Hichens has also collaborated in the writing of original plays and the adaptation of several novels for the stage.

GENERAL LITERATURE

MODERN ENGLAND IN LITERATURE AND ARCHITECTURE.

IT is not every author who is permitted by providence and his publishers first to put forth a book, and then within two years to re-issue it, expanded and corrected, in quite another and more imposing form. Yet this good luck has fallen to Mr. G. H. Mair, whose "English Literature, Modern" (handbook size) in the Home University Library now appears as "MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE" (library volume), with many illustrations (*Williams and Norgate*). In 306 pages Mr. Mair passes lightly (and with an agreeable cocksureness of his own infallibility) along the path that leads from Chaucer to the present day. He is a pleasant cicerone, and his *obiter dicta* are not such as to make the judicious grieve, although the said judicious may wonder why a useful little book has been "bumped out" to this material solemnity. Mr. Mair has eminently sane ideas. He says nothing startling or penetrating. He seeks an individual view; he "aims at tendencies rather than at recording facts and events." His way of looking at his period, or periods, is what may be called "sound." He has all his authors on toast, as it were, and knows where they err and where they excel. Everyone gets his due, for Mr. Mair is nothing if not just. The later "movements" appear in due course

feel hampered in our work by speculations as to "whether Conrad will found any school in England." It seems not, for the following weighty and sapient reasons: "You cannot go against the spirit of a country. The Continent will no more become English than England will become Continental. Daudet is supposed to be rather English . . . Meredith . . . rather French, but as they each retain about ninety-nine per cent. of their own nationality the idea of a literary revolution need not alarm us." It does not. But the following does: "If Conrad is really Continental, it is because he actually is a Pole and not an Englishman." Eminent authors should be protected from this sort of ineptitude.

The "Country Life" Library (*Newnes*) contains many volumes of worth and importance to the leisured classes of the community, and Mr. Laurence Weaver's "SMALL COUNTRY HOUSES" is a valuable addition to the series. It deals with the repair and enlargement of the picturesque places that are still to be found by those who will hunt diligently in the by-ways of the country-side. Many have fallen on evil days: plaster covers fine old beams untouched by the plane; oak panel has been covered with paint or lime-wash; ingle-nook fire-places have been boarded up. To hand such houses over to the Philistines is a crime against one's native land, and a crime for which there is no excuse to-day. The modern architect, whose eye is not only trained, but sympathetic, can picture the best that has been, and can recover it even from the twilight of Tudor times, so that we can add to modern comfort the real beauty that informed the homes of our forebears. Mr. Weaver ranges from Tunbridge Wells to Dunfermline, and his work, though carefully done, in thirty-four chapters, is necessarily incomplete. Of East Anglia, where scores of old moated farm-houses in forgotten villages await the restorer's sympathetic hand, he has very little to say; if a man will take all England to be his province limitations are inevitable. Happily, what is selected has been carefully chosen and finely illustrated by photography. Those of us who have handled the problems, or some of them, with which the author deals, will find much stimulus for future effort, not only in the letterpress, but in the illustrations; while for

side of the book. Evelyn, Manning, Aubrey, and others have been carefully consulted in the making of the letterpress, and the great land and estate owners of the county have given Mr. Ogilvy every facility for the completion of a task that lasted three years, and was clearly a pleasant one. The letterpress deals very largely with hard facts,



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE GREAT DIARIST: WOTTON HOUSE, WHERE JOHN EVELYN FIRST SAW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

John Evelyn was born at Wotton in 1620. The Diary by which Evelyn is best known was kept in manuscript form at Wotton till the beginning of the nineteenth century, when it was handed to William Bray to be edited and published. Evelyn refers to Wotton in his Diary as follows: "4th May, 1694.—I went this day with my wife and four servants from Sayes Court, removing much furniture of all sorts, books, pictures, hangings, bedding, etc., to furnish the apartment my brother assigned me, and now, after more than forty years, to spend the rest of my days with him at Wotton, where I was born."

From "A Pilgrimage in Surrey," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Routledge.

at Mr. Mair's Bar, and thole their assize, mostly with credit. The Irish School (as distinct from Tommy Moore and Co.) is handled with that sympathy and intimate knowledge which is to be expected from the author of "English Literature, Modern" and "Modern English Literature." The former is 1s., the latter 6s.

Obviously there are far too many books about books. If only this eternal scribbling about scribblers could be checked for a season we should make some progress towards a recovery of literary health. Yet it is impossible not to admire the admirable critical skill to which we owe the long array of "Studies," "Appreciations," "Aspects of," and so forth. The writers are clever fellows; but so, in our degree, are we (humility was never one of our virtues), and by reading the authors so ably dissected we arrive at conclusions quite as valuable as those of our shrewd essayists. They have no monopoly of glimpses into the obvious. These Pisgah visions are granted at times to our humble selves. If the everlasting critical monograph cannot be restrained, it might at least be confined to dead authors. It is charming to read Mr. Richard Curle on "JOSEPH CONRAD: A STUDY" (there you are again, there is no escaping the "Study"), with a frontispiece, the whole published by Messrs. Kegan Paul. But Mr. Conrad is happily still with us; he is still full of glorious possibility; his work, we trust, is not yet nearly done. Wherefore it is impossible to see him in the sum of his predicates. Let it suffice for the individual student to read his author and let commentary alone. If we were Mr. Conrad we should

those who are contemplating the purchase or remodelling of an old home the volume must prove invaluable.

Far more restricted in its area and naturally much more detailed is "A PILGRIMAGE IN SURREY," by Mr. James S. Ogilvy (*Routledge*; Two vols.). The author is also an artist, and his volumes carry nearly one hundred coloured plates of beautiful country and typical villages, houses, and gardens. The pictures recall the opulent splendours of a highly favoured county. Their maker has wisely refrained from painting the newer and most pretentious places that have yet to gather some artistic worth from the passing years, and his gift of selection is not the least attractive feature of this side of the work. It might have been extended with advantage to the other



BY SOME SUPPOSED TO BE THE HOUSE OF MEREDITH'S BEST-KNOWN HEROINE: CROSSWAYS FARM.

"Many admirers of George Meredith, and others of the public, have made up their minds that this is the house of 'Diana of the Crossways,' and that being so, it is not much use giving a contrary opinion; but if some of these devotees would show sufficient interest in the author to read the book carefully they would find that over and over again the house is placed in Sussex, and in totally different surroundings. The only points of resemblance here are the name, the courtyard in front, and the vicinity of a brook."

From "A Pilgrimage in Surrey," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Routledge.

and these are not always easily digested. The appeal of the volumes, if we are not mistaken, lies in the first place to residents in Surrey, and after them to interested parties in America and in the Overseas Dominions, where there are men whose earlier life was associated with the county. The general reader may well be pleased with the appearance of the books, and may wish that his particular county could find an equally painstaking and accomplished historian; he cannot be expected to derive from the county of somebody else the pleasure in detail that he gets from study of his own. Unfortunately, not many counties are rich enough to render possible such an undertaking as Mr. Ogilvy's.



FIVE COTTAGES MADE INTO A SINGLE HOUSE: THE MOUND, LONG CRENDON.

"When Sir Laurence Gomme bought it [The Mound], many alterations and additions were needful to turn this rather battered homestead into a country retreat, but they have been done piously. Every bit of old work has been faithfully kept, and the new is in perfect accord with it . . . The roof was always, as now, of thatch. The northern and southern halves of the old house were built at different times, and with a magnificent disregard for means of communication."

From "Small Country Houses," by Courtesy of "Country Life."

NOVELS

THE LIGHT SIDE OF LITERATURE.

THE earnest people who take kindly to instruction have their share of the novels this month, although the frivolous who insist on sheer joy are not forgotten. Looking back on this contentious summer, future students will do well to consider the interpretations of the current book-shelf. Realism, satire, romance, fantasy—all damp from the press, and packed as close as peas! We cannot pretend to be still the stodgy British, suspecting carnal indulgence in anything original. The young authors are not afraid to think aloud—biliously, or optimistically, or socialistically, according to their several conditions. They have learned their good French lesson, and they have become nothing if not versatile.

Mr. H. H. Munro's "BEASTS AND SUPER-BEASTS" (*The Bodley Head*) is the *hors d'oeuvre* before more solid meats. "Saki,"

as we all know, abhors the serious purpose, though no one can better give it a passing filipp. Once, and brilliantly, he preached on the dangers of decadence, and we fancy the new collection of stories may have been thrown off in a fine reaction from "When William Came." It is not without its decadents, but they are subordinated to an irresponsible spirit. Clovis is certainly not a moralist, and Clovis reappears in many of these stories. There is also

a young person, sex female, age about fifteen, who is an artist in the manufacture of practical jokes at the expense of grown-up people. She belongs to "the classes"; but in other respects she is kin to Mr. Barry Pain's schoolgirl, whose genius for reducing shop-assistants to frenzy was the abiding glory of "Nothing Serious." Is she a type? A product of education on the lines laid down by Mr. Bernard Shaw? Romance at short notice was her specialty, and she applied it to making adults uncomfortable. But there are other people in the book who enjoy doing unexpected things. Lady Carlotta, left behind at a wayside station, was accosted by an unsuspecting matron in this form of words: "You must be Miss Hope, the governess I've come to meet." "Very well; if I must, I must," Lady Carlotta said to herself with dangerous meekness—and proceeded to hold revel in the bosom of the Quabarl family, where her practice of the Schartz-Metterklume system of instruction (invented on the spur of the moment) produced nerve-shattering effects upon Mrs. Quabarl. Another inspiration must be noticed before we leave Mr. Munro. He has invented the most exasperating jingle since "Punch, brothers, punch." Lucas Harrowcluff conceived a music-hall melody with the refrain—

Cousin Teresa takes out Caesar,
Fido, Jack, and the big borzoi—

Big-drum business on the two syllables of bor-zoi. It is fatally easy to see why it took London by storm. "Cousin Teresa takes out Caesar"—the thing has an abominable fascination, with or without the big drum obbligato.

Larry's most damaging charge against the Irish in "John Bull's Other Island" was that they were a mean-spirited nation. He rent asunder the veil from their dreaming, and pointed out that it was a

pernicious, drugging thing, far removed from the lofty vision of the idealist. "DUBLINERS" (*Grant Richards*) could give him powder and shot: Mr. James Joyce's studies are not, strictly speaking, fiction. They are facts shifted and sorted in the kaleidoscope of a novelist's brain—not at all the same thing. The impression they leave is sordid, unilluminated, circumscribed. It draws a sharp picture of narrow and ignoble lives. The sentimental Irishman of the English fancy is, of course, absent: by this time he should be dead as the dodo. Mr. Joyce's Dubliners are drab, rather dirty-minded, rather suspicious, and superstitious materialists. They are, in fact, a people who have lost the self-respect of freemen—a people, to put it clearly, ripe for Tammany. They furnish a very strong reason for the Celtic revival, for if they are as they are drawn here their case is desperate, and only the prophet or the seer can hope to mend them. Handled by politicians for their own ends, they do not bear thinking about. The bright spot in the book is "Maria"—and a nation is not saved by the virtues of its aged virgins. We should prefer not to believe in Mr. Joyce's dreary realism; but, unfortunately, he has the touch of genius. "Dubliners," whether you like it or not, is a book to be reckoned with.

The kingdom of Jingalo is a locality, elusive of exact identification, where the foibles of a

following that, a flight of aeroplanes came and dropped bombs on the King and Queen and their urchin Princelings, the hope of the new rising race. At the death of their King, the Attapees scattered back into nature-loving savagery, and English, Americans, and Europeans came in and commercialised the country. . . . And between whiles, for a diversion, they violated the women, and, taking some into enforced concubinage, got their civilised throats cut during sleep as a consequence. This, of course, led to practical extermination, for 'sex-war' thus treacherously conducted was not to be endured." And so "The Royal Runaway" grimaces, like a dreadful little hunchback in cap and bells, mocking his own and our infirmity.

There is escape from satire and realism alike in "THE STORY OF FIFINE" (*Constable*). It is frankly an idyll. Mr. Bernard



MR. BERNARD CAPES,
The well-known novelist, whose latest book is reviewed on this page.—[Photo. by Elliott and Fry.]

Capes is a modern who likes to take leaves out of the books of the old romancers. Fifine and Felix wander together from Paris to Provence, and fair is the story of their love, and fortunate are they that the sympathetic Mr. Capes has set it down unsmirched. Boccaccio would have made a comedy of it whereat all his ladies would have blushed and laughed. Mr. Capes, being a modern, bettersuits the modern taste. It has a charming atmosphere, and here is the text:

"The unexpected is the salt of life . . . one would rather chance encountering the unexpected in excess than be without it altogether." Surely a very proper sentiment for the complete romantic writer.

These "alcoholic memoirs" of Mr. Jack London are alive with the vigour of their author. No man before has written an autobiography quite like this, and it is well that it should be done—once. "JOHN BARLEYCORN" (*Mills and Boon*) is the story of Jack London, with the alcoholic interest put first and the rest subordinated to it. His encounters with the drink, his armed truce with the drink, his reflections

upon the drink are thrust into the foremost place, and, frankly, we fear that more than justice is done to them. Mr. London remarks that he is not a "chemical alcoholic"—a man in whom alcohol satisfies a physical need—and he then exposes the convivial temptations, and the solacing temptations, and the drugging temptations of "Come and have a drink." He begins with himself as a too-enterprising youngster, dipping into the dinner pail of beer. He ends with a plea for the abolition of alcohol



MR. H. H. MUNRO,
The writer of short stories under the pseudonym of "Saki," whose book, "Beasts and Super-Beasts," has just been published.—[Photograph by Hopf.]

from the lives of the coming generations. Has he, we wonder, read Archdall Reid, and reflected how his own immunity—according to that scientific observer—has come about? The story he tells is an eloquent testimony to the splendid stamina of the true American stock to which it is his proud boast that he belongs. It is the history of a great adventurer; and its alcoholic side does nothing to devalue it. Great indeed is the fibre of the man who has "made good" after these hazards. But will adventure-loving youth, reading "John Barleycorn," perceive an awful example, and cleave to abstinence? We doubt it.



THE INHABITANTS OF "THE VALLEY OF THE MOON":
MR. AND MRS. JACK LONDON.

Mr. Jack London's "John Barleycorn" is reviewed on this page.
Photograph the Copyright of Mills and Boon, Ltd., London.

democratic constitution can be followed through Mr. Laurence Housman's glasses. King John of Jingalo proceeds with his career in "THE ROYAL RUNAWAY" (*Chapman and Hall*). A limited monarchy, Mr. Housman points out, has an unlimited capacity for utilities. John of Jingalo, poor dear, bereft of his practical Queen, and wearied of the meshes of the constitution, escaped to a small cathedral town, where a respectable landlady took him on his face value as an insignificant elderly gentleman, and gave him balm, tea and toast, and slippers by the fire. "The Royal Runaway" is a clever satire. Its sarcasms have sometimes a deodorising, broad whiff of humour—witness the legend of the foundation of the august Order of the Suspender. If the Garter, why not the Suspender? We laugh, but with a wry mouth, touched in our windy dignity. There is a deadly thrust in the account of the destruction of King Fritz's Central South American kingdom, where he held missionaries and traders at bay, to the great peace and comfort of his people, until the manner of their expulsion wounded the self-esteem of the United States. "Americans have many good qualities, but they are the vainest creatures on God's earth. . . . Outraged individualism grew rampant in sixty million breasts of Star-and-Stripishness. And,



MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN,
Who has just published another "Jingalo" tale, "A Royal Runaway."—[Photograph by Bassano.]



MR. JAMES JOYCE,
The author of a remarkably clever book of short stories entitled "Dubliners."

AT THE BOOKSELLERS': SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

FICTION.

JACYNTH. By Stella Callaghan. (Constable.) 6s.

The story which the author of "The Little Green Gate" has to tell opens at a small seaside place, named Shelby-on-Sea, the narrow social life of which is well appreciated and described by Miss Callaghan. This is the home of the heroine, Jacynth. She is exceedingly pretty, otherwise she is a shallow young woman, only bent on amusing herself, and should have married one of her own type and class; but, instead there comes to Shelby a serious-minded man, well known as a writer of books, called John Maitland. He falls in love with her "unforgettable prettiness" and marries her. From this point we follow this ill-assorted couple through the first years of their married life, the failure of which is a foregone conclusion. The character of John Maitland is well drawn, and the sympathy of the reader is aroused for him, as he gradually awakens to the fact of his wife's utter inability to be a companion to him. There is not much incident in the story; and whether Jacynth is sufficiently interesting to form such a central figure as she does is doubtful; but, apart from these general criticisms, there is a good deal of interest and many touches of really good work in this novel.

ME AS A MODEL. By W. R. Titterton. (Palmer.) 5s. net.

The name of the Quartier Latin carries with it an atmosphere of Bohemianism, and, even if American modernists and the Futurists have claimed it for their own, there still clings around it the romance of other days, which Dr. Maurier and his circle have immortalised in our memories. Mr. Titterton describes in this book the experiences of a man who, at the suggestion of a sculptor, gave up his business in London to enjoy the charms of Paris as a model. The author describes his book as neither fact nor fiction, but a golden mean between them—whatever that may be; but in point of fact it is not so much a story as a collection of tales or sketches of people he meets, and his own impressions of the studio life, of which he conveys to the reader a good deal of the colour and life, with here and there a hint of tragedy, notably in the chapter entitled "Bertholet's Model." Written with a good deal of humour, and interspersed with some pleasing verse, this book makes excellent reading, and it is rendered additionally attractive by Mr. Edmund Blampied's clever illustrations.

THE CRIME DOCTOR. By E. W. Hornung. (Nash.) 6s.

The author of "Raffles" in his latest book gives us a series of eight short stories dealing with a certain Dr. Dollar's experiences in criminology. The theory of this medical man is that crime should be treated as a disease, and to this end he runs a sort of nursing home for unconvicted criminals. This book makes an entertaining holiday companion, and is certainly a change from the hackneyed "Sherlock Holmes" type of detective stories.

JEAN GILLES: SCHOOLBOY. By André Lafon. (Bell.) 3s. 6d. net. Translated by Lady Theodora Davidson.

The Grand Prix de Littérature was founded two years ago by the Académie Française, and was awarded for the first time in 1912 to Mr. André Lafon, the author of this book. Mr. Lafon is the child of middle-class parents, whose reverses of fortune compelled them to remove him from school at the early age of fifteen, and place him, as a clerk, in a business house. His whole heart being in literature, this life did not suit him, and he therefore occupied every spare moment in the continuation of his studies. The reward of his labours came at the end of seven years, when he took a University Degree, and thus became eligible to take various successive posts as school-master, and, finally, to become préfet at a school near Paris. The office of préfet meant that he practically became the superintendent of the boys' morals and amusements—he was required to be present in the dormitory, at their recreations, to read the news of the day to them, and, in fact, to be ever at hand to proffer advice and assistance. The author thus had exceptional opportunities of studying boyhood, and his deep understanding and love of youth has given us this book, which we are told is mainly autobiographical. It is an admirable study of the inward fears, sorrows, and fancies of a sensitive little boy of nine, sent to a large French school for the first time, and—difficult though it is when once the memory of childish things is effaced to be able once more to grasp the mind of a child—we follow the footsteps of little Jean Gilles with a deep appreciation and sympathy throughout these pages. We feel with him the agony he experiences on being left by his mother, his fears of being alone in the dark, and the mental strain of his first initiation at school. A word of praise should be given to Lady Theodora Davidson, who, in her admirable translation, has lost nothing of the French spirit of this book.

FICTION—REPRINTS.

THE SIN OF JOOST AVELINGH. AN OLD MAID'S LOVE. A QUESTION OF TASTE. GOD'S FOOL. THE GREATER GLORY. HER MEMORY. MY LADY NOBODY. SOME WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN. By Maarten Maartens. (Constable.) 3s. 6d. net each.

It has become almost customary at the present day to publish uniform editions of the works of the best of our living writers, but it may come as a surprise, and we do not hesitate to say, a pleasant surprise, to find that Mr. Maarten Maartens has been accepted as worthy of this very high distinction. Mr. Maarten Maartens is one of the most interesting of the novelists of the present day, and this splendid edition of his works is in every way worthy of the writer. Some of our readers may remember that the earliest novels of this eminent Dutch writer, whose great command of the English language has made us appreciate the inward life and character of his compatriots, were published in the ponderous form of the "three-volume novel." Therefore, the handy format in which the present volumes are offered to the public, at the very modest price of 3s. 6d. each, should make accessible to a wide circle of readers tales of Dutch life which so thoroughly deserved to be rescued from oblivion. In this uniform edition the publishers have rightly chosen to issue the volumes in the chronological order of their original appearance. We are thus enabled to appreciate the steady and remarkable advance in Mr. Maartens' technique. Interesting though Mr. Maartens' earlier work undoubtedly is, we do not consider that it compares with his more recent novels, such as "Dorothea," "The Healers," and "Eve" (which will be published later in this uniform edition). We may safely say that the last three named may be counted among the finest contributions to English Fiction.

THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT. THE ORDEAL OF RICHARD FEVEREL. By George Meredith. (Standard Edition.) (Constable.) 6s. net each.

TRAVEL.

MY SPANISH YEAR. By Mrs. Bernhard Whishaw. (Mills and Boon.) 10s. 6d. net.

Spain may well be called the last stronghold of romance in Western Europe, for she has been slow to adopt the modern luxuries and rapid modes of travel that are met with in other countries; and although the traveller who follows the beaten track has not much to complain of the train service and hotel accommodation, yet, were he to diverge into the lesser-known parts, he would find, and should be glad to find, there still remains in Europe a country unspoiled by trippers and tourist agencies. Herein lies the fascination of Spain. Mrs. Whishaw has been a resident for some years in Seville, and has evidently acquired, during her sojourn in the country, an intimate acquaintance with the habits and life of its people. She divides her book into four sections, a season of the year for each, beginning with the summer, on the principle of keeping the best to the last. According to her own words: "The great heat of summer, with its dust, mosquitoes and flies, is the most trying time in all the twelve months in this country, as the spring is the most enjoyable. . . ." In a pleasantly discursive manner the author comments upon many topics—courtship, the etiquette of the betrothal, the industriousness of the Spanish girl in making her own trousseau and house-linen from the time she is old enough to hold a needle, and the "Season of the Baths," as the summer holidays are termed. She also gives an amusing description of life in the Balneario, or hotel for bathers. "There are three perfect months for exploring the mountains and visiting remote hills, valleys, and villages in the leisurely way only to be done on horse, mule, or donkey-back. One is April, but then one ought to be in Seville for the most typical fair in Western Europe; another is May, but then one must be in Granada for the nightingales and the roses which make the Alhambra a dream of delight; the third is September, when grapes, peaches, and melons are in their prime, when the weather though brilliantly sunny is no longer oppressively hot, and the high-roads are gay with swarming herds of creatures moving from fair to fair, and forming, with their owners, a series of living pictures which make the longest journey enjoyable," writes Mrs. Whishaw at the commencement of the Autumn section. The book includes an interesting account of the great floods of the Guadalquivir at Seville in 1912, during which time the author and some other English ladies organised a scheme of relief for the sufferers. Mrs. Whishaw relates how King Alfonso himself

came to the scene of this disaster and was seen going round the city in a cart or boat, handing up provisions with his own hands, in baskets slung down from the balconies. Incidents such as this, and many other anecdotes, are related, showing why the King and Queen are popular, notwithstanding the aversion they are known to entertain towards bull-fighting, to which their subjects of all classes are so passionately devoted.

BIOGRAPHY.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF LADY BULWER LYTTON TO A. E. CHALON. Edited by S. M. Ellis. (Nash.) 10s. 6d. net.

A collection of letters written by Rosina, Lady Lytton, to A. E. Chalon, the elder of two artist brothers of French descent, who settled in England, and was elected an R.A. in 1816. In a recent publication, by Lord Lytton, of a biography of his grandfather, the novelist, he touched upon the matrimonial differences of Sir Edward and Lady Bulwer Lytton, now some sixty years ago, which no doubt at the time created a good deal of stir in the public mind. The present publication of these letters appears to be for the object of throwing further light on Lady Lytton's life and state of mind after her separation from her husband, Edward Bulwer, first Lord Lytton; but we wonder if the author has taken a wise step in bringing into so much prominence this rather sordid story of a love turned into hatred, and the inevitable quarrels which ensued. The letters show Lady Lytton as a most unhappy and embittered woman, and at the same time it must be said, a spiteful one, as her repeated attacks on her husband's character go to prove. "What a pity when My Lord Derby the other night talked of Sir Liar's [Bulwer Lytton's] brilliant talents shedding lustre on the Cabinet—on the principle, I suppose, that the blacker Day and Martin is, the greater the lustre that it sheds—but what a pity I say, that My Lord Derby did not specify which of those brilliant talents he more particularly admired. . . . Really, 'for the sake of public morals,' as that immured mosaic of every vice, Sir Liar himself, would say in one of his clap-trap speeches, you should have been more explicit!" For attacks such as these, thinking herself an injured woman, there may be a modicum of excuse, but for her constant vilifying of Lady Blessington, Letitia Landon, and the many tasteless references to Queen Victoria there can surely be none. "To-day is the anniversary of our little selfish Queen's wedding. How I wish Prince Albert would celebrate it by biting her very tempting cheek till the blood streamed down her (as that ornament to the English Cabinet, Sir Liar, used to do mine). . . ." Paragraphs such as these require no comment, but the question that rises uppermost in the mind on laying down this book is whether it was worth the time spent in reading it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SATURDAY WITH MY CAMERA: A Popular and Practical Guide to the Work of the Amateur Photographer at every Season of the Year. By Stanley C. Johnson, M.A., D.Sc. (Grant Richards.) 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Johnson, a Fellow of the Nature Photographers' Society, gives us in this book, which is published as a companion to "Saturday in My Garden," a capital handbook for the use of the amateur photographer whose time is not all his own. The book is divided into four main sections—Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter—and contains many practical diagrams and plates.

CHATS ON HOUSEHOLD CURIOS. By F. W. Burgess. (Fisher Unwin.) 5s. net.

"It is truly astonishing how rapidly the common uses of even household furnishings and culinary utensils are forgotten when they are superseded by others of more modern type," writes Mr. Burgess in a preface note to his story of domestic curios, in which he sets out to tell us the original purposes and uses of many of the old-world odds and ends fancied nowadays by the collector, professional and amateur. Some of the items the author deals with are Fireside Appliances, Lights of Former Days, Table Appointments, the Toilet Table, the Old Workbox, Musical Instruments, and many other interesting things, too numerous to mention here; but suffice it to say that this book makes an attractive addition to this rapidly increasing and useful series of "Chats."

IRISH GUN-RUNNING ENDING IN BAYONETS AND BULLETS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G.



BEFORE THEY WERE INTERCEPTED BY SOLDIERS AND POLICE, AND BAYONET-CHARGE AND FIRING TOOK PLACE: NATIONAL VOLUNTEERS OF IRELAND MARCHING, EACH WITH HIS NEWLY-LANDED RIFLE, FROM THE HILL OF HOWTH TOWARDS DUBLIN.



THE LANDING OF SOME 3000 RIFLES BY NATIONAL VOLUNTEERS, A COUP WHOSE SEQUEL WAS A BAYONET-CHARGE, RIFLE-FIRE, STONING, AND THE DEATH OF SEVERAL PEOPLE: CHEERING THE FIRST MOTOR-CAR WHICH LEFT HOWTH QUAY WITH ARMS AND AMMUNITION.

The National Volunteers of Ireland, which, it seems unnecessary to point out at this stage, were formed by Home Rulers in opposition to the Ulster Volunteer Force, carried out a successful gun-running coup on Sunday, July 26. Some 3000 rifles were landed from a yawl at the Hill of Howth, about eight miles from Dublin. The National Volunteers who received the weapons were intercepted in their march to Dublin by a battalion of the King's Own Scottish Borderers and a small force of Metropolitan Police.

The Volunteers resisted an attempt to disarm them; the troops are said to have charged with fixed bayonets; and there were shots. Finally, the Volunteers got away with their arms. On the troops entering Dublin on their return, they were attacked and stoned by a mob; so that they were obliged to fire three volleys. Several men and a woman were killed; and a number were injured, some seriously. In the evening the barrack windows were smashed and the gates broken down.

FIGHTING AT DUBLIN: THE REGIMENT WHICH WAS STONED: AND FIRED.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU



COMRADES OF THE SOLDIERY WHO FIRED ON THE MOB IN DUBLIN (WITHOUT ORDERS), AFTER HAVING INTERCEPTED GUN-RUNNING NATIONAL VOLUNTEERS: MEN OF THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.

As we note elsewhere, there was a very unfortunate sequel to the gun-running by National Volunteers of Ireland which took place on Sunday, July 26. Intercepting the Volunteers with the rifles as they were marching from Howth to Dublin, a battalion of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, with whom were some Dublin Metropolitan Police, sought to disarm the men, and were resisted. Eventually, there was a scuffle, during which (according to some) a bayonet-charge took place. When the soldiers returned to

Dublin, they were groaned at and stones were flung at them. As a result of this, firing by the military took place. Several people were killed and a number were seriously injured. In the House of Commons on the following day, Mr. Birrell, answering Mr. John Redmond, said that the soldiers did not fire when intercepting the Volunteers, but in Dublin some, exasperated, fired without orders. The officers suppressed the firing quickly. A full inquiry into the conduct of the military was ordered to be held at once

AUSTRIA NEAR BELGRADE: GUNBOAT AND SEARCHLIGHT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOJAK: DRAWING BY H. W. KOKKOROK FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERICK VILLIERS



TYPICAL OF A NUMBER OF AUSTRIAN WAR-VESSELS WHICH PATROL THE DANUBE AND COMMAND BELGRADE: AN AUSTRIAN MONITOR GUNBOAT ON ITS WAY TO THE SERBIAN FRONTIER.



SHOWING THE STRUCTURE LINKING SERBIA TO HUNGARY: SERBIANS WATCHING WHILE AUSTRIAN SEARCHLIGHTS PLAYED ON THE SEMLIN BRIDGE, NEAR BELGRADE.

Austria-Hungary has on the Danube a small, yet by no means negligible, flotilla of gun-boats, six of which are complete. They are monitors, carrying their guns in revolving turrets on open decks. They are fitted with searchlights. On the Danube, also, are six torpedo-boats, each carrying two torpedo-tubes. The drawing on this page shows a much-discussed act on the part of Austria-Hungary during the Balkan War—the playing of searchlights on the Semlin Bridge over the River Save. Belgrade is at the confluence of the Danube and the Save, and is under the guns of Semlin (in

Hungary, six miles away), and controlled at every angle by Austrian gun-boats patrolling the Danube. When the crisis first arose, it was asked whether the Serbians would destroy the railway bridge between Semlin and Belgrade, and some argued that they would not, as the Danube could easily be re-bridged in a few days by pontoons, and as, although the destruction of the bridge would hinder Austrian mobilisation, there would be great disadvantages to Serbia, which would certainly have to replace the costly and vitally necessary structure in the end.

HEREDITARY RULER OF RUSSIA; AND ELECTED HEAD OF FRANCE.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



ALLIES PHOTOGRAPHED TOGETHER IN RUSSIA: THE TSAR AND PRESIDENT POINCARÉ.

France and Russia are bound together by a defensive Alliance dating from 1893, and each is pledged to assist the other in the event of an attack by another Power. The idea is to counterbalance the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy, formed in 1883 and renewed at intervals of four years. Great Britain, France, and Russia form the Triple Entente: this by the Anglo-French agreement of 1904 and the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1907. The French President has been visiting Russia, where he

arrived—at Kronstadt—on July 20. At a Gala dinner in the Palace of Peterhof, the Tsar said: "France and Russia have for nearly a quarter of a century been bound by close ties in order the better to pursue the same end, which consists in safeguarding their interests in collaborating in the equilibrium and the peace of Europe." M. Poincaré left Russia for Stockholm on July 23. On the 27th came the report that the French President had had an interview with the German Emperor at Stockholm.

THE MOST TRIED MONARCH: THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN RULER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HERMANN



SPARED LITTLE IN THE WAY OF DOMESTIC AND NATIONAL TROUBLES: FRANCIS JOSEPH I., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA,
KING OF HUNGARY.

Francis Joseph I. was proclaimed Emperor of Austria on December 2, 1848, after the abdication of his uncle, Ferdinand I. (in Hungary, V.), and the renunciation of the Crown by his father; and was crowned King of Hungary and took the Oath on the Hungarian Constitution on June 8, 1867. He was born on August 18, 1830. During his long life and reign, he has been spared few troubles domestic and national. His

wife, for instance, was assassinated; as were his Heir and the Duchess of Hohenberg the other day; while the tragic and mysterious end of the Crown Prince Rudolf will be recalled. As a sequel to the murder of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife came the stern Austro-Hungarian Note to Serbia, with its series of thirteen demands and a very brief time allowed for reply.

THE POWER BEHIND THE STERN NOTE TO SERBIA: THE

DRAWINGS BY H. W. KOENIGKOEK;

AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN ARMY—SOME OF ITS SOLDIERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



1. INFANTRY: BODYGUARD COMPANY (NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER IN PARADE ORDER).
2. RAILWAY AND TELEGRAPH REGIMENT.
3. ARTILLERY ON THE MARCH.

4. A COMMANDING OFFICER (GERMAN FIELD SERVICE UNIFORM).
5. AUSTRIAN CAVALRY ON THE MARCH.
6. RIFLE-MAN (REVIEW ORDER, WITH GREAT-COAT).

7. HUSSAR.
8. UHLAN (NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER).
9. HUNGARIAN INFANTRY-MAN (MARCHING ORDER).
10. AN INFANTRY-MAN IN MARCHING KIT.

11. BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA INFANTRY (MARCHING ORDER).
12. DRAGOON.
13. AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN ARTILLERY AT PRACTICE DURING RECENT MANOEUVRES.

14. UHLAN (LANDWEHR); AUSTRIAN (LANDWEHR); BOSNIAN RIFLE-MAN; AUSTRIAN RIFLE-MAN; HUNGARIAN INFANTRY-MAN; TYROLESE SHARP-SHOOTER; BOSNIAN INFANTRY; HUNGARIAN INFANTRY; HUNGARIAN HUSSAR; HUSSAR (LANDWEHR); HUNGARIAN RIFLE-MAN; MOUNTED RIFLE-MAN; BOSNIAN DRAGOON; MARINE; ETC.
15. AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS ON A RIVER-BANK.

The peace strength of the Austro-Hungarian army, which is organised in sixteen Army Corps, was raised recently to about 500,000 men, and on a war footing, Austria-Hungary can raise about 2,500,000 trained men, with about 2500 guns. Drawbacks to the force as an organisation are that a very considerable number of the soldiers are Slavs, and so likely to be in sympathy with their fellow-Slavs, and that in peace time there was not a thorough training of reservists until comparatively recently. Military service is compulsory and universal throughout the Empire, extending to all races, and liability is from the nineteenth year to the end of the forty-second year. Actual service generally begins in the twenty-first year. To

quote the "Statesman's Year-Book": "The peculiar Constitution of the Dual Monarchy is reflected in the organisation of its military forces. The first line of the Austro-Hungarian Army is under the common Government, and is known as the 'Common' Army, which includes the troops raised in the newly annexed Provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Austrian Landwehr and Landsturm are, however, entirely separate from the Hungarian Landwehr and the Hungarian Landsturm. The two latter form the Hungarian National Army." The weapon of the Austro-Hungarian Infantry is the Mannlicher magazine rifle, Model 95, calibre, '315. The cavalry carry the Mannlicher carbine, which takes the same ammunition as the rifle.

A WEAPON OF THE PROTECTOR OF THE SLAVS: THE RUSSIAN ARMY PREPARING FOR WAR IN TIME OF PEACE.



REPRESENTING A WAR STRENGTH OF ABOUT FIVE MILLION MEN: RUSSIAN CAVALRY CHARGING OVER WATERY GROUND DURING MANŒUVRES.

The Austro-Hungarian Note to Serbia, with regard to the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, brought home once more to the general Russia's pronounced and unquestionable interest in the Slavs, whose great Protector she is. And behind Russia's protection is much power. To deal with land forces alone: The recent decision to provide a contingent of 585,000 recruits for 1914 brings Russia's first line of defence up to about 1,800,000; and the war-strength would be somewhere about 5,000,000, including garrison troops and the Opolchénié. To quote the "Statesman's Year-Book": "Military service in Russia is universal and compulsory. Service begins at the age of twenty, and extends to completion of the forty-third year. Owing to the extent of the Empire, there are three armies

in Russia, known as the Army of European Russia, the Army of the Caucasus, and the Asiatic Army. These armies are practically distinct from each other, and the terms of service in each are slightly different. Speaking generally, service in the first line, or active army, is for 3 years in the infantry, field, and foot artillery, and for four years in the other arms. The soldier is then transferred to the reserve (Zapas), in which he serves for 15 or 14 years, undergoing during this period 2 trainings of 6 weeks each. Having completed 18 years in the first line and its reserve, the soldier passes to the Opolchénié. Service in the Opolchénié is for 5 years; that is, to the completion of the forty-third year of the soldier's age. The Cossacks, occupying the South-West portion of European Russia, hold their land by military tenure, and are liable to service for life."

THE GREATEST WAR CLOUD THAT HAS HUNG OVER EUROPE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO., H. WALTER BARNETT, S. AND G.

SINCE 1870: PROMINENT PERSONALITIES OF THE MOMENT.

RECORD PRESS, C.N., BIEBER, BULLA, SCOLIK; DRAWING BY S. BEGG.



1. M. BOSHKOVITCH, SERBIAN CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES IN GREAT BRITAIN.
2. SIR ARTHUR NICOLSON, PERMANENT UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.
3. GENERAL PUTNIK, SERBIAN CHIEF OF STAFF AND VIRTUAL COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE SERBIAN ARMY, WHO WAS ARRESTED IN HUNGARY.

4. M. PASHITCH, SERBIA'S GREAT MAN AND HER PRIME MINISTER.
5. M. SAZONOFF, THE RUSSIAN MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.
6. DR. VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, THE GERMAN IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR.
7. GENERAL SUKHOMLINOFF, THE RUSSIAN MINISTER OF WAR.

8. GENERAL NICHOLAS JANUSCHKEVITCH, CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN GENERAL STAFF.
9. M. NIKHIFOROFF, SERBIAN MINISTER OF WAR.
10. GENERAL FELDZEUGMEISTER RITTER VON KROBATKIN, CHIEF OF THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN MINISTRY OF WAR.

11. THE MARQUIS DI SAN GIULIANO, ITALIAN MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS; AND COUNT BERCHTOLD, THE AUSTRIAN FOREIGN MINISTER.
12. SIR EDWARD GREY AND AMBASSADORS OF GREAT POWERS AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.
13. BARON KONRAD VON HOETZENDORFF, CHIEF OF THE AUSTRIAN STAFF.

In our drawing there are shown (standing on the left) Sir Edward Grey and Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador to this country. Seated (on the left) is M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador. Prince Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador, is speaking to him. On the right are Count A. Mensdorff-Pouilly-Dietrichstein, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador (left), and the Marquis Imperiali di Francavilla, the Italian Ambassador. Of the numerous interesting personalities represented on this double-page, none calls for greater notice, perhaps, than that of General Putnik, Chief of the Serbian General Staff. General Putnik was on his way to Belgrade at the beginning of the crisis when he was arrested at Kelenfeld railway station, near

Budapest, by Budapest police. He was with his daughter at the time. Accounts as to the manner of the capture vary, but it has been stated officially that the arrest was carried out with full regard to the General's rank and that he was conducted to the military Casino in Budapest and there treated with every courtesy. To this was added: "As the Austro-Hungarian Army is imbued with a much too chivalrous feeling to deprive the Serbian army of its leader, an opportunity will be given to him to continue his journey to Serbia to-day. A special saloon carriage will be put at his disposal." Austria has said, further, that the military regulations provide that in the event of the imminence of war, any officer of a hostile Power on Austrian or Hungarian territory be detained

SCIENCE &

NATURAL HISTORY.



DR. THOMAS JEHU.

Dr. Jehu, who is Lecturer in Geology in St. Andrew's University, succeeds Professor James Geikie as Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in the University of Edinburgh.—[Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.]

PROF. JAMES GEIKIE.

Professor James Geikie has resigned the Chair of Geology and Mineralogy in the University of Edinburgh. He is a brother of Sir Archibald Geikie. Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

HOME-GROWN ASTRAKHAN FUR.

It seems highly probable that in the near future home-grown astrakhan fur will be competing with that which, till now, has come to us from Russian Turkestan. At any rate, experiments to this end have for some time past been carried on at the Edinburgh and East of Scotland College of Agriculture. Astrakhan fur, it should be explained, is obtained from newly born male lambs of a fat-tailed race of sheep bred in large numbers in Turkestan and the Kirghiz Steppe to the north. Most of the fur of this kind which finds its way into this country is obtained by the Russian dealers from the market-town of Karakul, near Bokhara, and on this account it has recently been described as Karakul fur. This is unfortunate, since the use of this term will cause inevitable confusion with the true caracul fur, which is that of the Persian leopard known as the caracal. But this by the way.

Some extremely interesting points are raised by these experiments. But it must be remarked that the idea of raising Astrakhan sheep in this country is not exactly new, for it was suggested at least two years ago by my colleague, Mr. Richard Lydekker, in his most delightful book on sheep. He advocated, or rather suggested, experiment with the native-race, which seems the more reasonable thing to do. Professor Wallace, who is responsible for the present venture, has begun by crossing an imported ram with various races of our own sheep. It is difficult to see what advantage is to be gained by this. The results so far obtained are very inconclusive, and demonstrate the need for "control" experiments in stations further south than Edinburgh. Professor Wallace has obtained the best results in crosses with the Mountain Black-face and the Dartmoor breeds. One would have expected better results from crosses with the Romney Marsh and Cotswold races. And this because both display a marked tendency to develop fat on the

rump; but there are other reasons which need not be discussed here. It may very well be that if these crosses were tried in England a greater measure of success would be obtained than has rewarded the efforts of Professor Wallace, for climate is a factor to be reckoned with, especially with sheep

Fat-rumped and fat-tailed sheep are entirely the product of domestication, and these breeds are to be met with both in Asia and Africa. With the development of fat on and at the base of the tail are correlated



A CROSS-BREEDING EXPERIMENT TO PRODUCE HOME-GROWN ASTRAKHAN: A LAMB THAT RESULTED FROM A CROSS BETWEEN THE BOKHARAN RAM (ILLUSTRATED BELOW) AND A CHEVIOT EWE

certain other characters also absent in wild sheep. These are, in the first place, the degeneration of the horns, the development of "lop-ears" and a distinctly "Roman nose." The Bokharan or "Astrakhan" sheep has the further peculiarity that the pelt of the newly born lamb is covered with a coat of fine,

short, silky, wool-like hairs, arranged in closely pressed curly locks, like the hair of young negroes. The colour of this fleece is of a dark ashy-grey, while it retains its curly character for a few days only, after which the close locks open out and the wool lengthens.

Though Bokhara and the Kirghiz Steppe are the true home of this breed, it has been carried to Astrakhan, to the north of the Caspian, where it has undergone some improvement. The annual collection of skins sold in the markets of Moscow, or Nishai-Novgorod, exceeds 600,000. The price of these ranges from eighteenpence to two shillings each. They are mostly bought by German firms and sent to Leipzig, where they are dyed black. The fur, it may be remarked, known in the trade as Persian Lamb is really a variety of that of the Astrakhan breed, and the experiment of introducing this breed also into this country might well be made, to the great advantage of our agricultural population.

"Astrakhan" of a somewhat inferior quality is also obtained from an allied race of long-tailed sheep, which, however, lack the accumulation of fat. These are the so-called Colchian long-tailed sheep. The breed is a native of the province of Mingrelia, in Asiatic Russia, which in classical times constituted the land of Colchis, famous for Jason's quest, on the *Argo*, of the Golden Fleece. The fame of these fleeces reached ancient Rome from Greece, which was the first country to import Colchian sheep into Europe. From this trade arose the legend of the Golden Fleece.

The astrakhan of the Colchian lamb seems never to enter the English market, but the skins, which are generally coarse and curly, are commonly sold to Canada for the manufacture of cheap coats. From this it would appear, if the present experiments should fail to prove entirely satisfactory, new ventures might be made with the Colchian breed, which seems to produce both good mutton and good wool.—W. P. PYCRAFT.



THE BEST RESULT OBTAINED BY THE CROSS-BREEDING EXPERIMENTS FOR THE PRODUCTION OF HOME-GROWN ASTRAKHAN: A LAMB FROM A CROSS WITH A HIGHLAND BLACK-FACE EWE.

A pure-bred Bokharan Astrakhan ram was recently imported from Russia by the East of Scotland Agricultural College for cross-breeding experiments with a view to the production of home-grown Astrakhan fur. The breeds employed for mating were Black-face Mountain, Cheviot, Dartmoor, Kent or Romney Marsh, Herdwick, Cotswold, and Border Leicester. The best results were obtained with the Black-face Mountain and the Dartmoor. The pelt of the lamb born of the Cheviot ewe was unsatisfactory. All the lambs were jet-black like the ram. A newly born Bokharan lamb's coat is remarkable for its lustre and tightness of curl, but after three days the curl loosens. Fur-lambs are therefore killed when a few days old. At the age of six months, the coat turns from black to grey.

Photographs by Courtesy of Professor Robert Wallace, Professor of Agriculture in the University of Edinburgh



DISTINGUISHED BY A ROMAN NOSE AND LARGE TAIL: A FAT-TAILED BOKHARAN RAM BOUGHT FOR £100 FOR CROSS-BREEDING EXPERIMENTS IN SCOTLAND TO PRODUCE ASTRAKHAN.

A ROMNEY RECORD: A PICTURE SOLD FOR OVER £42,000.

FROM THE MEZZOTINT ENGRAVING BY H. SCOTT BRIDGEMAN, PUBLISHED BY MESSRS P. AND D. COLNAGH



SOLD FOR A RECORD SUM: ROMNEY'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. PENELOPE LEE ACTON.

When last year Messrs. Agnew paid £41,370 for Romney's fine full-length portrait of Anne, Lady de la Pole, beating every previous English sale-room record, it was generally believed that Romney had reached the nadir of his sale-room fame. Whilst this stupendous figure still remains unbeaten as an auction-price, an even larger sum, stated to have been in the neighbourhood of £45,000, was paid by the same enterprising firm last week to Lord de Saumarez for another full-length Romney—the portrait

of Mrs. Penelope Lee Acton, standing in a landscape, dressed in white, with a straw hat and a white veil tied under her chin. The lady depicted was the daughter of the Rev. Sir Richard Rycroft, first Baronet. She married Nathaniel Lee Acton in 1791, the year when, in the months of May and June, she gave sittings to Romney, who was paid 120 guineas for the portrait. It was exhibited at the Old Masters' Exhibition at Burlington House in 1879, and at the Grafton Galleries in 1900.

ABANDONED WHEN THE WAR CLOUD AROSE: BELGRADE,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS,



SEEN FROM THE HUNGARIAN BANK OF THE DANUBE, FROM WHICH IT COULD BE BOMBARDED WITH EASE: BELGRADE, THE SERBIAN CAPITAL, ABANDONED FOR KRAGUIEVATZ.



VACATED WHEN THE SERBIAN COURT, GOVERNMENT, AND TROOPS LEFT FOR KRAGUIEVATZ, A MILITARY TOWN IN AN EXCELLENT STRATEGIC POSITION THE PALACE AT BELGRADE.

An official announcement to the following effect was made in Vienna on the evening of July 25: "The Serbian Prime Minister, M. Pashitch, visited the Imperial and Royal Legation in Belgrade a few minutes before six o'clock and gave an inadequate answer to our Notes. Baron Giesl (the Austro-Hungarian Minister) thereupon notified him that diplomatic relations had been broken off, and left Belgrade with the staff of the Legation at six-thirty. The Serbian Government had, at three o'clock in the afternoon, ordered the mobilisation of the whole Army. The Court, the Government, and the troops are leaving Belgrade. The Government is to be transferred to Kraguievatz." The town of Kraguievatz, fifteen miles to the west of Yodina, occupies an excellent strategic position, and is an important military centre, with an arsenal and manufactures of arms and ammunition, together with a powder-factory. Belgrade has been abandoned for the simple reason that it is separated from Hungary only by the river, and could, of course, be

"THE WHITE FORTRESS," DESERTED CAPITAL OF SERBIA.

CHUSSEAU FLAVIENS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



SHOWING THE DANUBE, WHICH DIVIDES HUNGARY FROM BELGRADE, AND BEARS AUSTRIAN GUN-BOATS AND TORPEDO-CRAFT UPON ITS STREAM: AT BELGRADE—THE RIVER-BANK.



A CENTRE OF MUCH ACTIVITY AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE STERN NOTE FROM AUSTRIA-HUNGARY TO SERBIA, A SEQUEL TO THE ASSASSINATION OF THE AUSTRIAN HEIR TO THE THRONE AND HIS WIFE: THE WAR OFFICE AT BELGRADE.

bombarded with ease from Hungarian soil. Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett, writing in the "Daily Telegraph" at the beginning of the crisis, said: "The loss of Belgrade is of no strategical importance. Neither the Government nor the Army is dependent on the capital. In the war with Bulgaria, so in this war, all necessary supplies can be obtained through Salonika. . . . The Austrians are faced with a stupendous problem. . . . An indefinite occupation of Belgrade will ruin them, and an effort to defeat the Serbians by an advance into the interior seems doomed to disaster." Speaking of the Danube, it may be remarked that Austria maintains on that river a small flotilla of gun-boats which is by no means to be left out of consideration and can, of course, work with the army. In the earlier stages of the crisis it was stated from Vienna that there had been scenes of panic in Belgrade, disorderly elements in the suburbs endeavouring to loot while part of the population was migrating, and calling for the use of Serbian troops to keep order by force.

CHILDREN OF SERVIA'S MOST POWERFUL FRIEND: THE TSAR'S DAUGHTERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHNSON AND EGGERS.



1. THE TSAR'S SECOND DAUGHTER: THE GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA.

2. THE TSAR'S ELDEST DAUGHTER: THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA.

3. THE TSAR'S DAUGHTERS: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) SITTING—THE GRAND DUCHESSES MARIE, ANASTASIA, AND OLGA: STANDING—THE GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA.

The Tsar Nicolas II. of Russia, who married, in 1894, Princess Alix of Hesse and of the Rhine, has one son, the Tsarevitch, born in 1904, and four daughters. The eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, who was born at Tsarskoe Selo on November 3, 1895, is Chief of the 3rd Regiment of Hussars, of Elisabethgrad. The Grand Duchess Tatiana,

the second daughter, born at Peterhof on May 29, 1897, is Chief of the 8th Regiment of Uhlans, of Vosnessensk. The Grand Duchess Marie was born at Peterhof on June 14, 1899, and the Grand Duchess Anastasia, also at Peterhof, on June 5, 1901. They will doubtless become Colonels-in-Chief of famous regiments in due course.

Odol Photo Competition

£150 in Cash Prizes.

Open to All.

We are continually receiving photographs in which enthusiastic users of Odol are pictured in association with the Odol flask. It is to give this idea a wider extension that we have opened the present competition. Our purpose is to connect beauty appropriately with an article which is acknowledged to be an important promoter of beauty, and readers are accordingly invited to send in photographs of ladies, girls, or children. Photographs of gentlemen are also invited.

Of the many photographs in our possession we reproduce a few as an indication of what can be done in this direction.



No Entrance Fees.

This competition is further intended as a means of showing that beauty without sound teeth is practically impossible. A pretty face immediately loses its attraction if bad and neglected teeth are shown when speaking or smiling, whereas the plainest face becomes attractive if the open mouth or parted lips reveal sound and beautiful teeth.

A well-known poet once said: "No face adorned with sound and beautiful teeth can ever be considered plain."

It cannot, therefore, be too strongly advocated: Think of your teeth and daily use Odol for them. Health and beauty are impossible without sound teeth.

The Prizes will be as follows:

FIRST PRIZE £50 cash.

Second Prize - - £20 "

Third Prize - - £10 "

Thirty Prizes of £1 each - £30 "

Eighty Prizes of 10/- - £40 "

and over 1,000 CONSOLATION PRIZES.

CONDITIONS OF THE COMPETITION.

Each photograph must show the person photographed with an Odol flask introduced into the picture, and it is in this that a great field for attractive originality of idea is offered. Pose, arrangement, and other details will be left entirely to the individual tastes of competitors.

The photographs may be taken either by professional photographers or by amateurs.

The photograph must show:

- 1st. The face—not necessarily the full face—and the whole or part of the figure.
- 2nd. The Odol flask must be prominent, either held in the hand, resting on the table, or otherwise, as may be considered most effective. (The larger size flasks will naturally give the best effect.)

Competitors may send in as many photographs—in different poses—as they like. Each photograph will be judged separately on its own merits.

Every photograph sent in should bear the name and address of the competitor, clearly written

The judges will be well-known gentlemen of artistic reputation, and the awards will be made by the Manager of the Odol Chemical Works, acting upon the Judges' decision.

The awards will be based by the Judges:

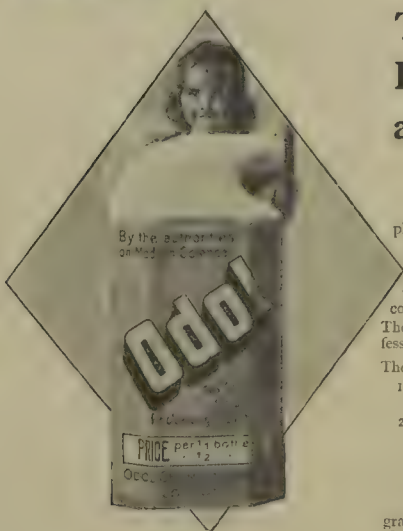
- (a) On the general beauty of the competitors, with special reference to the beauty of the mouth and teeth, which do so much towards controlling the entire facial expression.
- (b) On the effectiveness and originality of the pose in connection with the introduction of the Odol flask.

The sole copyright of the photographs in respect of which prizes will be awarded shall belong to the Odol Chemical Works.

October 31st, 1914, is the closing day of the Competition.

Competitors must please mark their envelopes "Photo Competition," and address them to The Manager, Odol Chemical Works, 61, Park Street, London, S.E.

Photographs of the first three prize-winners will be published in this paper.



LADIES' PAGE.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE professes to have done something in the new Finance Bill to remedy the cruel injustice of the super-tax on marriage. What he does, however, is far from offering a remedy. The complaint is that at present income-tax is levied on the joint incomes of husband and wife, while the tax on the self-same amount of two incomes, if levied on people not married, even though they may be living together—say father and daughter or brother and sister—are counted separately and may receive abatement. No argument can make this anything but a super-tax on those who marry, and found homes, and probably bring up the next generation for the State at vast expense and trouble. That is simply contrary to sound principles and to "public policy." Mr. Lloyd George does not now propose to alter this inequality. What he does propose is to have a separate return of income from husband and wife, so that the husband can no longer be sent to prison for not making a return of an income that he does not even know, as the husband of a lady doctor was sent last year. Also, he now makes the wife liable for her own income-tax; and so, incidentally, in those few cases where a return of over-charged tax is found to be due, a wife will now be able to reclaim it herself. But the effect of the change is in no wise to relieve marriage of a super-tax, but only to fix liability to pay to the full more closely on married women.

Garden party and country holiday gowns are exceedingly pretty this year, owing to the charming character of the inexpensive materials ready for our service. Foulard is an excellent material, and it is fully fashionable again; but the new mercerised cotton fabric of the voile order, that is, semi-transparent but with a silk-like finish, are the real *clou* of the season's fancy fabrics at a low price. A material frankly described as "artificial silk" also has some success; it is usually broché, and the glistening surface of the pattern is really quite silken to the eye. This fabric is also produced in the voile description of dress-materials, and bears some resemblance to a Ninon-de-soie, a white ground with silky-looking stripes in colour being particularly good. Still, a daintily designed muslin is really preferable, and the tints and patterns are perfectly charming. The best way of making these thin materials up for present wear is to have a basque or tunic effect; very often, the good dressmakers use a bright or quaintly patterned material for this upper part of the dress, and a plain white, or cream, or self colour, to match the prevailing tone in the design, for the under-skirt.

Lace is freely used to trim, and when a good deal of insertion is put in by hand, it adds considerably to the cost of making, even though the lace itself may be fairly cheap; it is generally of the rather coarse and variety, such as Cluny or Maltese, especially when linen is the material of the gown. The under-skirts cling fairly



DINNER-GOWN FOR A COUNTRY HOUSE PARTY.

A dainty confection in white satin charmeuse, fully draped, with white Venetian lace corsage, and crimson roses.

close to the figure, while the tunics are made rather full round the edge. Cotton crêpes and sponge cloths build good gowns for the morning at the seaside. Sashes and belts are a great feature, and nothing can be too bright to introduce in this way; the most gaudy plaids, the most vivid Bulgarian patterns, and the most daring combinations of colour in brocaded ribbon may be twisted widely round the waist (a big, natural waist, always), and continued over the hips, with fashionable and smart effect. On plain black, white, or yellow straw hats, girls may wear the extraordinarily vivid ribbons now manufactured, plaids of emerald green and brick red, "Cubist" designs in weird colours of great variety in one and the same pattern, or the Directoire bright red-and-white stripes that are very popular just now in dress-materials as well as in ribbons.

A novel non-greasy face-cream, which the well-known manufacturing chemists, C. E. Pulford, Ltd., have just placed on the market, is called "Ven-Yusa Crème de Luxe," and is not only free from grease, but also the proprietors claim for it that, by means of the oxygen which it contains, it is able to produce exceptionally beautifying effects on the skin. Another important point in favour of Ven-Yusa is that it leaves behind not the slightest trace of greasiness, and it is guaranteed not to grow hair. Ven-Yusa has already obtained a great vogue amongst Society ladies, and is every day increasing in popularity. There is also a Ven-Yusa super-creamed toilet soap, which is equally good in quality.

Ladies will be particularly interested at the "White City" in the exhibit entitled, "The Fair of Fashions," wherein various fashion-tableaux are arranged amidst very beautiful surroundings. In the "Motor Scene," for example, the lady is wearing an evening-dress of white satin mousseline, fastened at the foot with a handsome gold ornament. Over this is worn a cloak of the very richest crimson satin charmeuse, with large sprays of lilac artistically woven in pure-gold thread, beautifully finished with collar and cuffs of the finest ermine. This cloak is an original model. The lady's boots, which are of chrome leather with the smart little patent toe-cap, are, of course, polished with Cherry Blossom boot-polish, which has earned such an enviable reputation in smart Society.

A beautiful silver polish is given by "Wright's Silver Cream," a wonderfully easy and brilliant cleansing material discovered in the inventive United States. A sheen just like new on the silver and electro-silver appointments of the home is produced and maintained with exquisite effect by the employment of "Wright's Silver Cream." Though so easily and perfectly effective in cleaning silver, and also for cut-glass, jewellery, marble, and porcelain, this preparation does not harm the skin. My readers can obtain a generous free sample by sending a penny stamp for postage to Wright and Co., 19, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.

FILOMENA.

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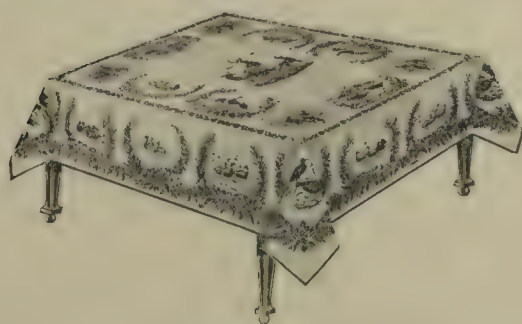
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Exhibition in 1890 out of compliment to the sporting
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**SAVORY & MOORE'S
FOOD**

GILBERT, SULLIVAN, AND D'O'VLY CARTE.

THERE was a day, a long day, through which Gilbert and Sullivan ruled the English-speaking playgoer. They gave him what they thought good for him—incidentally, it was very good—and they appeared to have taken a large part of the vast area of dramatic art to be their province. They set the fashion in jests and in lighter music, and they moved in a world of their own, creating an atmosphere and a tradition. *Heu fugaces!* They are gone: Arthur Sullivan, William Gilbert, Richard D'O'vly Carte; and even François Cellier, who was to have been the teller of their life-story, met death half-way, so that the pen passed into the hands of Cunningham Bridgeman, who completes the volume entitled "Gilbert, Sullivan, and D'O'vly Carte" (Pitman). Reading it, all those who can recall the plays discussed must remember with such measure of shock as their temperament enforces that they are at least middle-aged; let them be happy if they are in no worse plight

fluent rhymes and genial but rather superficial wit; Sullivan followed gifts that might have made him one of the great musicians of the Victorian age along the line of least resistance. Their contributions were for their time, were adapted in a sense to the years in which they worked; they delighted countless thousands of simple people who regarded the Savoy as a theatre apart from all other places of entertainment. This is, perhaps, an incomplete statement, for the appeal was to every class of society; but the strength of the Gilbert-Sullivan union lay in the devotion of outliving London, of a world that looked at the theatre not as a medium for education, but as a place of recreation. There was a great clamour in those days for what was called "refinement," and this was never wanting at the Savoy. The music was refined, the story and its jokes were models of propriety, and the management of the house was decorous in the extreme. Never was curate or schoolgirl known to blush. The old spirit, honest though narrow, was extraordinarily well catered for. Gilbert and Sullivan had a touch of genius, and D'O'vly

Carte was a sound manager. Perhaps the worst that can be said of the old Savoy is that nothing ever seen during the régime of which this book treats gave the material for a single progressive thought, or for a moment's recognition of the world as it is. There was something pontifical about the Savoy attitude; it has lingered among the survivors of the company; it escapes into the pages of poor Cellier and his collaborator. There are many passages in which a quaint and quite unintentional pomposity still lingers rich with the fragrance of old Victorian times. But the survivors of the Gilbert-Sullivan period—and their name is legion—will find this book a lamp to light the path to many pleasant memories, and they will accept the form as well as the matter, since on questions relating to the Savoy they know better than to hold heterodox views.

We have received a copy of the first number of *Colour*, a sumptuous art monthly magazine at one shilling, published by Messrs. Dawson, and printed by the Abbey Press. The frontispiece is a reproduction in colour of



10 KEEP THE CATTLE SECURE: AN "EMPIRE" WOVEN WIRE FENCE.

Our illustration shows a long drive fixed with "Empire" fencing supplied by Messrs. Parker, Winder, and Achurch, Birmingham. It is claimed that each wire is uniformly stout and strong, made to withstand a strain of over half a ton. It has a reserve strength stronger than it really need be. The whole fabric is strong yet resilient, and cannot be forced out of shape.

They may remember, too, that this book deals with a state of mind that has passed, and of a form of art that finds no exponents. Gilbert relied very largely upon



IN THE OLD TOWN AT HANOVER: SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HALF-TIMBERED HOUSES.

Hanover, combining as it does the amenities of a large city with the advantages of fresh air derived from the girdle of parks and woods which surrounds it, is a favourite residential centre with large numbers of English people who go there, either to study German or for music to the well-known teachers, among whom Professor Heinrich Lutter is known for his unvarying success in preparing English pupils for the L.R.A.M. (Royal Academy of Music). English people will find much of interest in Hanover. The Queen's mother, the Duchess of Teck, was born here; and in the old Herrenhausen Palace George I. was informed of his accession to the English throne. The town has many fine examples of fourteenth and fifteenth century red-brick buildings; but its chief pride is centred in its old half-timbered houses, of which there are whole streets which retain exactly the same appearance as three hundred years ago.

"The Topers," by Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., and other full-page reproductions in colour include "Jo Jumping," by Countess Helena Gleichen, of which the original was recently exhibited at the Goupil Gallery; "Laughter," by William Strang, A.R.A.; the original sketch for a panel in Carpenters' Hall, by Frank Brangwyn; "Alte Brücke," by Alexander Kanoldt; "Pont des Arts, Paris," by K. M. Morrison; and a portrait of Monsignor Martin Howlett from a copperfield engraving, by E. O. Hoppé.

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NOTE.—A beautiful reproduction in colours of the above picture will be sent to any customers and friends upon receipt of three stamps (to cover postage and packing) on application to the Head Offices, 26, Holborn, London, E.C.

ART NOTES.

THE Fine Art Society's good habit of making up a yearly exhibition of etchings gives us the opportunity of comparing the newest English and foreign work to the great disadvantage of the first. The manner of Herr Bauer's latest plates, and especially of his "Queen of Sheba," dwarfs the unenterprising efforts of the natives. Did we wish to overcome Herr Bauer, we would have to call in Piranesi and the "Prisons"—the first state of the "Carceri d'Invenzione" against which modern etchers, the prisoners of a narrow convention, must rattle their little chains in vain.

But the "Carceri" etchings have nothing to do with the collection in Bond Street. According to its standards, Herr Bauer is a master. Though his spaciousness has dropped from the regions of imagination to those of habit, he still uses it with such great and fantastic effect that we marvel that he has not made scenery for the Esar or Sir Joseph Beecham.

Another slap in the face for the studios and worthy but dull young members of the English School is administered by Anders Zorn. The swish of water and the hum of sunshine are in his bathing scenes; "Oxenstierna," "Erida," and "Shallow," for which he has taken his nude models into the open air, are delightfully brisk. And while Zorn was etching among the spray, Mr. Herbert Hulier was industriously coping with a view of Westminster Hall, Sir Frank Short was mezzotinting after De Wint, Mr. Raymond Jones was plodding among picturesque corners in Old Paris, and Mr. Mulready Stone putting the finishing touches to a *jeunesse orangeuse* spent between a portfolio of Whistler etchings and more picturesque corners. All these, from the "Westminster Hall" to the mezzotints, might be, in the nature of things, quite lively; but they are not. The difference between these plates and Zorn's is the difference between tepid water in a cup and iced ginger-beer in a tumbler.

And yet English black-and-white work, in some of its branches, lacks neither quality nor admirers. The Genfield Club's lithographs have been on tour in Italy, and have been bought by the King and Government. Venice and Florence have acquired prints by artists who, like Mr. John Copley, are no more, or rather less, than names in their own country.

Students' work for the year and from all over the country is gathered at South Kensington. Its quantity

AFRICAN BIG GAME.

MANY sportsmen and naturalists have described and photographed the larger wild animals but few have treated the subject in a manner so fascinating, both as to text and illustrations, as does Mr. Fred Russell Roberts in his "Notes on Some African Big Game." The first article of the series, which appears in the July number of *Wild Life*, is devoted to the African elephant, and is accompanied by a number of most interesting photographs of elephants taken in their native wilds—taken, as all such photographs must be, in circumstances of great difficulty and often of danger. As Mr. Roberts points out, it is much easier to shoot wild animals than to photograph them, and enthusiasm for this form of bloodless sport seizes the hunter after the desire of killing has been satiated, as it soon is, and the next phase—the collection of new or rare trophies—has also reached the limits of possibility. "This is the moment," he writes, "at which one begins to seek for some means of prolonging the pleasure one gets from watching the wild creatures in their natural haunts—one longs to obtain a permanent impression of them, so as to be able to share it with appreciative friends who have not been so fortunate as to see such sights for themselves." Mr. Roberts will certainly, through the pages of *Wild Life*, make numerous new friends who will appreciate the opportunities he thus affords them. If the remaining articles and photographs, which deal with thirty different species in all, are up to the same level of excellence as those on the elephant, his work will form a delightful record of the habits of big game in Africa. He writes in an easy, gossip style which is very readable, and personal observation is always at the back of his facts, so that we almost feel we are on the spot ourselves.



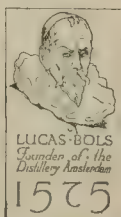
M. CAILLAUX'S FIRST WIFE GIVES EVIDENCE: MME. GUEYDAN IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

The most intense scene in the melodramatic trial of Mme. Caillaux for the murder of M. Calmette, Editor of the "Figaro," was when Mme. Gueydan, the ex-Premier's first wife, and the present Mme. Caillaux came face to face in Court. Mme. Gueydan bitterly recounted her knowledge of her former husband's liaison with his present wife, and then, to the astonishment of everyone in court, produced copies of the Caillaux love-letters and handed them to Maître Labor for the use of the defence.—[Photograph by Manuel.]

is as depressing as its quality. Purposeless, rather than bad, it brings home to us the vast extent of an ill-conceived system of education. "Art," like the population, has been multiplying; Art Schools have increased with the suburbs. The result, in actual work, is strangely futile.—E. M.

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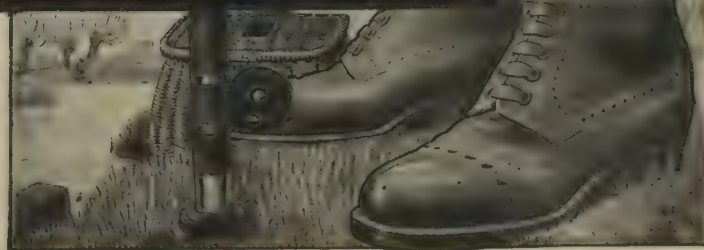
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Really Effective Tyre-Filling.

I should not like to say how many patent compounds the motorist has been asked to buy designed to replace the air-tube in pneumatic tyres, and thus to get rid, once and for all, of the bugbear of punctures. I know they have been many, and equally I know that none of them has fulfilled the promise of their patentees. Most of them have had a basis of glue and chromic salts, and suffered from the drawback that they had to be forced into the tyre in a semi-liquid state, solidifying as they cooled. As they were susceptible to heat, the consequence was that when they were run at anything like fast speeds or for a fair distance they became hot, and so soft that when the car stood for a few minutes a distinct flat was left on the tread of the tyre. This flat remained until the compound heated up again, and so long as it was there it caused progress to be objectionably bumpy. Then, if a cover did happen to burst while the stuff was more or less liquid, the strong probability was that coachwork and upholstery would be utterly ruined. There were other disabilities, but these were quite sufficient in themselves for tyre-fillers ceasing to find favour among the motoring public. Of course, too, pneumatic tyres are a lot better than they were. They do not puncture or burst in the way they did even three or four years ago, and, moreover, the lessening of horse traffic has improved the roads so much that we do not seem to find the puncturing materials lying about in the profusion of the old times.

Again, the vogue of the detachable wheel and rim has made tyre troubles of much less account. In spite of all this, however, I believe there is a chance for a tyre-filling that will fulfil the conditions—and I really think there is such a thing actually in existence. The other day I was asked



A VERY SMART CAR: A MÉTALLURGIQUE WITH A COUPÉ BODY. Our illustration shows one of the 15-20-h.p. Métallurgique cars fitted with a coupé body.—[Photograph by Argent Archer.]

to go down to Leicester to have the good points of this filling demonstrated to me. I went, intending to tell the demonstrator that many had tried and failed, and the best thing he could do would be to save his money. When I met him he opened by saying that he had two cars of the

same make, age, and power—one with its tyres filled with the compound, the other with pneumatics. He proposed to take me out on both, over the same route and at the same speed, and at the end I was to tell him which was which. Well, at the end of the test I was able to indicate with absolute certainty which of the cars had the filled tyres, but only because the tyre-valves were obviously dummies! I certainly could detect no difference in the running. The filling itself originates in America, where it seems to have proved very successful. It is a compound of vegetable oils which has undergone a vulcanising process, and is impervious to the effects of ordinary heat—it stands boiling for twenty-four hours and baking at 220 degrees without any apparent change. It is not forced into the tyre as other fillings, but is made in standard sizes so that it can be easily fitted into the cover. As a result of my test and investigations, I am pretty well satisfied in my own mind that it is a good thing. It is called "Essenkey," and will shortly be marketed under that name.

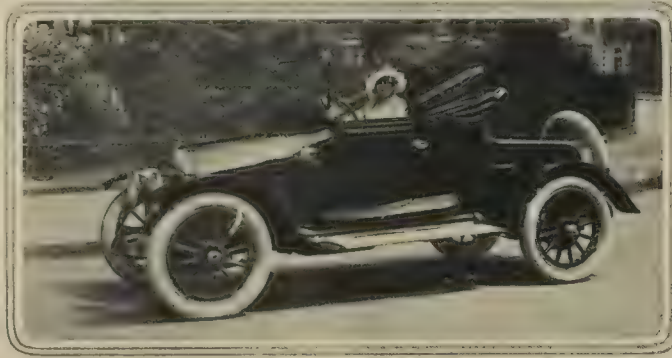
Light Cars and Gear-Boxes.

Why, I wonder, do the makers of light cars almost without exception fit three-speed gear-boxes? Of course, the answer is that it is all a matter of cost; but I cannot help thinking that the policy is penny-wise and pound foolish, since surely, if a four-speed box is necessary on the larger cars, it is doubly so in the case of the little vehicle, with a small, fast-running engine which falls away most deplorably in power when its revolutions drop down below fifteen hundred. Most of

(Continued overleaf.)



A WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS AND CAR: MISS NANCY PRICE AND A ROCHET-SCHNEIDER. Our illustration shows the well-known actress, Miss Nancy Price (Mrs. Charles Maude), and her two children beside a 20-30-h.p. sporting Rochet-Schneider car.—[Photograph by Corbett.]



ANOTHER ACTRESS AND HER CAR: MISS SONIA DELAGE ON HER OAKLAND CAR. Miss Sonia Delage is appearing in the sketch "Now and Then," in which she uses on the stage, as well as in the street, her 15-20-h.p. Oakland coupé-cabriolet.—[Photograph by Tella.]

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the light cars with which I have any acquaintance suffer from having far too big a step between the first and second speeds, so that when, on a heavy grade, it is necessary to come down to the lowest gear, it is a matter of next door to impossibility to get up to second until the gradient has fallen away to practically nothing. Thus speed is very much reduced, and the engine tears itself to pieces in winding up a slight incline, with any amount of power running away to waste. I have in mind now a very fine little car in which the gear ratios are roughly $\frac{1}{4}$, 8, and 16 to 1. Now, if that car were equipped with ratios of, say, 17, 11, and $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1, it would be twice the hill-climber it is; and the cost, on a long series, would not be much over £3 a car, even if it were as much.

From the Four Winds. Accessibility is a quality of the car to which, I am afraid, too much attention is not always paid. Take, for example, the cleaning out of carbon from the cylinders of the motor. Generally, this is a long job, entailing the dismantling of the cylinder-block and all its attendant accessories. This attribute of engine-accessibility is one that seems to be possessed in good measure by certain American cars. I have before me a letter informing me that the other day the Oakland Motor Company dismantled the cylinder-heads of one of their cars, cleaned the pistons and combustion-chambers, valves, etc., and had the engine running again in twenty-five minutes after the job was started! It was a fitting thing that Carpentier, the champion of our French friends, should have been driven to Olympia



HONOURING AN AERIAL VICTORY: A COMMEMORATIVE TABLET.

M. J. Schneider, who gave the massive silver cup won by Mr. Howard Pixton at the Monaco meeting, April 1914, on the "Sopwith" hydrobiplane, has commissioned M. Tony Szirmai, of Paris, to engrave the commemorative tablet in silver, which will be presented to the Royal Aero Club.

Photograph by Horremans.

by Sir Maxwell Monson, the son of our late Ambassador. Sir Maxwell is the head of the British branch of the great French automobile firm, the Rochet-Schneider, who placed a fleet of cars at M. Descamps' disposal to carry Carpentier and his friends to Kensington.

When a man is told that he can buy a cheap car, he immediately conceives in his mind something with which the word "tinny" is not altogether dissociated. Such an adjective can never, by virtue of the traditions and standards of the F.I.A.T. Company, be in the remotest sense connected with a car from Turin. When, therefore, it is announced that you can buy a F.I.A.T. at £375, it is meant that you can buy a car in every way up to the F.I.A.T. standard of engineering excellence.

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In view of the development of Thorpeness, near Aldeburgh, Suffolk, as a seaside bungalow township, the Great Eastern Railway announce that a halt for the use of passengers travelling to and from this resort will be opened next Wednesday. All trains running between Leiston and Aldeburgh, except the 6.40 p.m. train from Aldeburgh on week-days, will call there to set down or pick up passengers.



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Antexema goes to the actual root of skin trouble and absolutely cures every skin illness once and for all. However many doctors, specialists, and so-called remedies have failed to benefit you, your trouble is not too severe for Antexema. Every skin affliction is bound to yield to this all-conquering remedy. Eczema, both dry, moist, and scaly, every variety of rash, pimples, blotches, black-heads, bad legs, bad hands, scalp troubles, and all sore, diseased or irritated skin conditions of children or adults are thoroughly and permanently cured by Antexema. It never fails to cure.

Antexema is a beautifully compounded, non-greasy, liquid cream which works wonders in every skin ailment. There is nothing else like it in the world. As a skin remedy greasy ointments are out of date and entirely superseded by Antexema, the great scientific skin cure which possesses merits undreamt of before its discovery. Who would use a rushlight when the electric light is available; and what skin sufferer would use an old-fashioned ointment when Antexema can be had?

One word of warning must be added. It is exceedingly dangerous to neglect the first signs of skin trouble. If you delay treatment your symptoms will become worse, and an attack of eczema or some other distressing or annoying skin illness will follow, purely as the result of your neglect of nature's warning. If Antexema is applied promptly, future suffering will be avoided.

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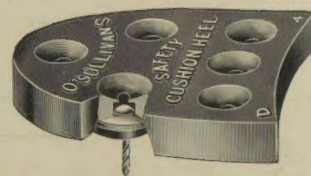
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will of SIR JOSEPH WILSON SWAN, F.R.S., of Overhill, Warringtonham, Surrey, who died on May 27, is proved by Kenneth Raydon Swan, and Samuel White, the value of the estate being £60,097 13s. 5d. The testator gives his electrical and laboratory apparatus and appliances to any persons or institutions selected by the executors; £100 to the Royal Society; £300 and the household effects to his wife; £100 to Thomas Eyton; £100 per annum to Edith Atkinson and £500 to Nurse Annie M. Gosling. The income from one-half of the residue is to be paid to his wife, and subject thereto the whole thereof divided into fifty-nine parts, thirteen of which he gives to his son Cameron; eleven each to his daughters Mary Edmonds and Hilda Sharpe; and eight each to his children Frances Isobel Morcom, Percivale, and Kenneth.

The will and codicil of MR. EPHRAIM BROWNLOW REDMAYNE, of Redcliffe Park Avenue, Southport, who died on April 5, are proved, and the value of the property sworn at £157,272. The testator gives £1000 a year and the household effects to his wife; £50 a year to his sister; and the residue to his children.

The will of MR. JOSEPH WARTER, of 39, Hyde Park Gate, and 76, Mark Lane, who died on May 28, is proved by Edgar Swift and Thomas P. Gandell the value of the property being £186,825. Testator gives £500 each to Grace Benedicta Stuart, Mina L. Stuart, and to each of the executors; £500 each and an annuity of £300 to his sisters Mary Susannah and Maria Jane; 120 Ordinary shares in Wisdom and Warter, Ltd., each to Edgar Swift and Sidney G. K. Gandell; and the residue to his son and daughter.

The will of MR. JOSEPH CLIFF, of The Grove, Scawby, Lincs., ironmaster, who died on June 9, is proved, by Joseph T. T. Cliff, son, and Richard B. Hopkins, the value of the estate being £233,206. The testator gives £250 to Mr. Hopkins for acting as executor; £200 to his gardener and housekeeper; and the residue as to two-eighths each to his sons Reginald Bertram, Joseph Tertius, and Grosvenor; and one-eighth each to his daughters Mrs. Thorpe and Mrs. Hett.

The will (dated April 8, 1914) of MR. CHARLES CHETWODE BAILY, of 3, Leopold Road, Brighton, a director of the Rock Brewery Company, who died on May 29, is proved, and the value of the property sworn at £188,689 15s. 2d. He gives £10,000 to the Sussex County Hospital; £5000 to the Royal Alexandra Hospital; £2000 each to the London Hospital and the National Lifeboat Institution; £1000 each to the Aberlour Orphan Home, Strathspey, the Brighton, Hove and Preston Dispensary, the Agricultural Benevolent Society, the Surgical Aid Society, the Royal Hospital for Incurables, and the Governesses' Benevolent Institution; the income from £20,000 to his sister Hyacinthe G. Cruddas; £5000 in trust for Rose Beatrice Birch; the income from £10,000 to the Rev. K. C. Bailey; £10,000 in trust for Eleanor H. Mundy and her children, and on failure of issue, to the Royal Sussex County Hospital; £7000 to Beatrice E. Fair; other legacies, and the residue to his brother.

The will and codicils of SIR DELVES LOUIS BROUGHTON, BT., of Doddington Park, Nantwich, and Broughton Hall, Eccleshall, who died on April 15, are proved by Sir Henry J. Delves Broughton, son, the value of the estate being £124,632. The testator states he had settled part of the family estates on his eldest son; £1500 a year on his wife; £1000 a year on his son Brian; and £15,000 each on his daughters Violet Evelyn and Annie Ivy. He gives £500 to his wife; £10,000 to his son Brian; £200 per annum each to his daughters while unmarried; £100 per annum to Professor Louis Gustave Rosenzweig; and £50 per annum to Nurse Mary Wheat. All other his property he settles on his son Sir H. J. D. Broughton.

The following important wills have been proved—
Mr. Thomas Miller, 9, Priestfield Road, Edinburgh £138,686
Mr. William Banks Skinner, Flinton House, Woodside Park, Finchley £79,170
Mr. Nathaniel Waterall, Waddon Lodge, Waddon £68,872
Mr. Joseph Buckland, Watdale, Westbury-on-Trym £67,293
Mr. George Roscoe, Ravenhurst, Heaton, near Bolton £67,123
Mr. Russell Duckworth, The Cloisters, Bath £55,666
Mrs. Anne Kershaw Wood, Moorfield, Glossop £51,997
Mr. George Reginald Bayliss, Beech House, Calverley Park Gardens, Tunbridge Wells £42,647

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

G BAKER (Rotterdam).—Your last problem seems sound enough, but it is rather too simple for our use.

T ROBERTS (Dulwich).—Such a move as you suggest is quite impossible. How can a Bishop play from K B 4th to Q B 7th? Have you sent the diagram correctly?

B N (Edinburgh).—We are sorry we have no space for such contributions, but we thank you all the same.

H J M (Cricklewood).—Thanks for reminder. Sorry to hear you are off the lines at present.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3637 received from R Tidmarsh (Vernon, B.C.), H A Sells (Denver, Colo., U.S.A.), Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), and C Willing (Atlantic City); of No. 3638 from C Willing, W S McLeay (Toronto), W Lillie (Marple), J A J (Aberdeen), and J Isaacson (Liverpool); of No. 3639 from Captain Challice, H A Sells, J B Camara, J Verrall (Rommel), T Arnold (Colchester), and C Willing; of No. 3660 from Mrs. Hulsekopf (Lerwick), and M Gough.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3661 received from F J Overton (Sutton Coldfield), Rev. J Christie (Redditch), H S Brandreth (Weybridge), R Worters (Canterbury), B N (Edinburgh), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), A H Arthur (Bath), J Fowler, W H Silk (Birmingham), H Grasset Baldwin (Liphook), L Schlu (Vienna), H F Deakin, and J Hume.

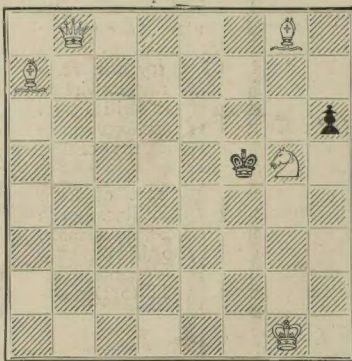
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3660.—By T. W. GEARY.

WHITE BLACK
1. B to K 4th K to R 4th
2. Q Kt takes P Any move.
3. R to R 2nd, Mate.

If Black play 1. R takes Kt, 2. Q to R 5th (ch); if 1. B to Kt sq, 2. R to Kt 4th (ch); and if 1. P to Q 6th, 2. Kt to B 3rd (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3663.—By W. H. TAYLOR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at the Pittsburgh Chess Club in a match for the Championship of Western Pennsylvania, between Messrs. DOLBE and LUCOR.
(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. D.) BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th P to K 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd P to Q B 3rd
4. B to B 4th P takes P
5. P to K 3rd P to Q Kt 4th
6. Q to B 3rd Q to Kt 3rd
7. Q to Kt 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
8. B to B 7th Q to Kt 2nd
9. B to Q 6th Q Kt to Q 2nd
10. B takes B K takes B

We prefer Kt takes B, followed by Kt to Kt 3rd. A lot of valuable time is lost by the text move before White's Queen can be disturbed.

11. Q to Q 6th (ch) K to K sq
12. Kt to B 3rd Q to Kt 3rd
13. B to K 2nd B to Q Kt 2nd
14. Castles P to Q R 3rd
15. P to Q R 4th Q R to B sq
16. Kt to K 5th Q to B 2nd
17. Q takes Q R takes Q
18. P to K B 4th R to Kt sq
19. B to B 3rd P to Kt 4th

Although this is following up the intention revealed in his last move, Black does not realise the strength of the attack directed against his

WHITE (Mr. D.) BLACK (Mr. L.)
Queen's wing. Kt takes Kt at once is better, 20. B P takes Kt, Kt to Q 4th; 21. Kt takes Kt, K P takes Kt; 22. P takes P, B P takes P, and the Queen pawns ought to win in the ending.

20. P takes Q Kt P R takes P
21. R to R 7th Kt takes Kt
22. B P takes Kt Kt to Q 4th
23. B takes Kt K P takes B
24. K R to R sq

White's combination beginning with his twentieth move has been both clever and sound. He has a Knight free to go anywhere, against a Bishop hopelessly shut in.

24. K to K 2nd
25. P to K 4th P takes P
26. Kt takes P P to K R 3rd
27. Kt to Q 6th R to Q Kt sq
28. R to K B sq K to K 3rd
29. R to B 6th (ch) K to Q 4th
30. Kt to B 5th K to K 5th
31. R to Q R 3rd R to Q 2nd
32. R to K 3rd (ch) K to Q 4th
33. P to K 6th P to Q 6th
34. P to Q Kt 3rd Resigns.

NEW NOVELS.

The Romance of Realism.

A shrewd study of "the plain business-man" and other types of human nature, at its best and worst—a study Zolaistic in detail, but free from verbal coarseness even in scenes of sensuous abandon—"Hardware," by Kineton Parkes (T. Fisher Unwin), is something of a riddle, for many will ask: Is it a *roman à clef*? The name of the city in which the life-drama is played, the nature of its industries and people, the greatness of its ambitions, seem to point in one direction, but it is not for us to fit caps to heads. Suffice it that the Midland city of Mettingham, with its great hardware business, its fine industrial traditions, its passion for progress, its municipal achievements, its dignified and plutocratic, as well as sad and sordid, aspects under the old and new régimes, are revealed in a hundred vivid word-pictures. We are shown manufacturers and merchants of the old school, personifications of honour; Edward Sharp, an unscrupulous business-man of to-day, whose one creed is *les affaires sont les affaires*; and Thorpe Chatwin, the honourably ambitious son of a brave old manager of works, "inventor, dreamer, and skilled mechanic," whose watchword is "Duty." We get, too, love-episodes in the life of Thorpe Chatwin, treated with keen analysis as well as realism. In a word, although the author calls his work the record of the "unheroic life of Thorpe Chatwin, business-man and citizen of Mettingham, the best-governed city in the world," the book teems with that romance which is inseparable from commerce and industry on the heroic scale, and the story of an industrial centre in an era of perpetual change and unbounded development.

Crime and Mystery.

It is many years since the clever American weaver of mysteries, Anna Katharine Green, won fame by her sensational story, "The Leavenworth Case," and in all the weird work of inventing mysterious crimes and keeping her readers on emotional tenterhooks for their solution which she has given us since, few have shown greater skill than "The Mystery of Dark Hollow" (Eveleigh Nash). It is a story of a murder involved in such mystery that suspicion is diverted from one person to another, after one man has been hanged for the crime, and it is not until the end of the book that the secret is revealed. With extraordinary ingenuity the author builds up a plot in which a stern and stately old American judge is a commanding figure. There is a sympathetic love-interest in the story, but in the main it consists of setting up plausible suspicions and false clues and transferring them from one person to another, until the plot culminates in a tremendous surprise. At times there is a sense of old-time formality in a phrase here and there; but, as a whole, the latest production of this clever mystery-inventor gives convincing proof that her hand has not lost its cunning.

A Tragi-Comedy of Temperaments.

Given a clever, impulsive girl, brought up by a father who likes to be called "Captain," and wastes his life trying to bring off *coups* in the City, but is "done" by unscrupulous adventurers; a young man whom Bridget first knows as a small boy, "Lennie-Next-Door," who develops into a Socialist and "pools all the virtues and calls them The Poor"; a group of delightfully well-bred Irishwomen; a rather prosaic relative, Hugh Delmege, who is accepted by the heroine—and the problem is whether the happiness of these two opposite temperaments will be attained by marriage. Scenes and characters in this very human story, "Bridget Considine," by Mary Crosbie (G. Bell and Sons), are delightfully unconventional. The shabby lodgings with Mrs. Mahaffy, a struggling woman "with the salty smack of world-knowledge in her," who spent much time "talking affably to the Gas and Water on every subject save their own, when they brought the Last Application, printed in red," are treated with humour; as, too, is Bridget's Micawber-like father. Bridget shoulders the burden for her feckless, good-natured parent, but, like Lennie, learns to loathe the "butterflesness of life." But, after a time, Bridget begins to earn a little money by writing, and Lennie is taken up, politically, by a fashionable lady—hence the change of the *locale* to the West of Ireland, Bridget's introduction to a charming Irish family of aristocrats, one of whom employs her to compile a book of memoirs of "the Duchess Olivia," and for a while the heroine has a good time. There is much charm in the book, and the pathos of a beaten woman, victim of a too-common fate: "Always . . . faced by those large, slow forces of poverty, too shapeless and too big for her to move. She had slacked larger effort in the weariness of keeping a foothold."

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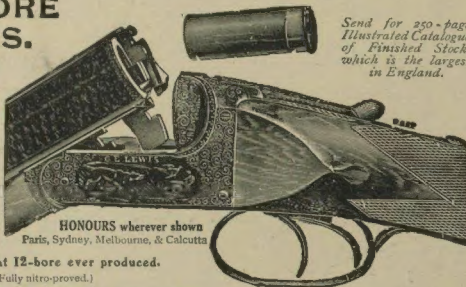
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